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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 253

EDITORIALS:
- The League of Nations Faces the Test 256
- Mussolini and Hughes 257
- On Rereading 257
- Labor's Newspapers 258

THE GREATEST JEWISH CITY IN THE WORLD. By Konrad Bercovici 259, 262

THE WOMAN. By Henri Barbusse 263

THE NEW EMANCIPATION OF THE NEGRO. By Bertha Wallerstein. 263

LONDON'S DOCKLAND. By An Onlooker 265

IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 266

CORRESPONDENCE 267

BOOKS:
- The Press and Its Problems. By Oswald Garrison Villard 269
- The Dance of Life. By L. L. 270
- Faust Again. By Mark Van Doren 271
- Shakespeare. By William Allan Neilson 271
- American Government. By Phillips Bradley 272
- Orphans. By Florence Kelley 272
- Books in Brief 273

DRAMA:
- Outburst. By Ludwig Lewisohn 273

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- The New Constitution of Rumania 274
- South Africa of Tomorrow 279

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THE apparently unparalleled calamity to Japan must move every American heart and should open every American purse. Emotionally exhausted as we are by all the horrors this unhappy world has passed through since 1914, the magnitude of the Japanese disaster and the frightful combination of fire, tidal-wave, flood, and earthquake, must nevertheless stir and shock everyone who has a spark of love for humanity within him or the slightest feeling of compassion. In Tokio and Yokohama has happened what the first dispatches from San Francisco portrayed as the fate of that unhappy city. Even if early reports should again prove exaggerations, the catastrophe remains appalling. But it affords an opportunity which cannot be overestimated to cement the friendly relations between Japan and America. This frightful disaster may easily be turned into an occasion for the display of such good-will and generosity as to allay all the suspicion and distrust which exists between certain jingo groups in the two countries. We have recently built several battleships to protect us from a possible Japanese war. They cost now about $27,000,000 apiece. If Congress were in session we should urge it to vote the price of two such monsters of destruction in aid of Japan. Since it does not meet for three months the American public must act. We have no doubt that it will, for it is the true glory of America that it never fails to respond to such appeals and that it is justly called the most generous of countries. Surely it will live up to its reputation.

WHETHER Governor Pinchot will in the end be able to bring the anthracite miners and operators into agreement is uncertain as *The Nation* goes to press, but of one thing there is no doubt: no terms of the sort proposed can bring anything but a temporary halt in the struggle. The public, always opportunist in such matters, would doubtless be satisfied with such a truce. It has been satisfied that way in the past. But isn't the public getting a little weary of these recurring crises? Isn't it about time that we went deeper? So long as the miners are appeased with slightly higher wages and the operators with advanced prices—all passed on to the consumer—just so long is the public going to suffer from strikes and lack of coal. The vital point is that coal is a natural monopoly and the mining industry is overgrown with privilege and medievalism. There is, and can be, no true competition in production. So long as the struggle is allowed to continue as one of wages and hours the public can hope for no relief. The solution lies in frankly recognizing that the nation must take over the coal mines and arrange for fuel production upon a just and efficient basis. This is the problem, airily dismissed by our latest Coal Commission, which ought to have received the major part of its attention. Instead the commission asserted that in case of a strike the government should seize the mines—a step likely to be futile because of lack of any prearranged labor policy satisfactory to the miners.

MOST of the dispatches from abroad, as also the editorial comment in this country, treat the Irish election as a victory for the Free State. In a sense it is that, but it is much less conclusive than such a verdict should be and would have meant more if the Government had not silenced the voices of many Republicans by duress and imprisonment. Of 153 seats in the Dail Eireann the Government has won 63, while 44 have gone to the Republicans, 16 to the Independents, 15 to the Farmers, and 15 to Labor. This gives the Government a plurality but not a majority. However, all the groups except the Republicans are in favor of the existence of the Free State, giving the Government 73 per cent of the Parliament on that issue; and the Dublin correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that, although the Republicans made a gain, they did it at the expense of Labor, not of the Government. With a three-fourths majority behind the Free State, the New York *World* observes that the Government cannot regard its existence as in serious danger and should now liberate the numerous political prisoners whose continuance in jail "will be a constant source of danger and a fresh point for radical indignation." All the more so as the prison conditions are so shocking as to impugn the humanity and decency of the Free State Government.

WITH assurances of good-will on both sides and the announcement that neither party was forced to sacrifice its principles, the full recognition of Mexico by the United States has been accorded and proclaimed. *The Nation* is thankful that an end has been made to the long period of suspicion which has kept two neighboring nations

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in a state of wary tension. But we cannot accept without some misgivings an agreement which so patently satisfies the State Department regarding the sanctity of private oil wells. The Mexican Government has saved its face—and perhaps its life—by securing recognition before making any formal concessions or sacrifices. But it is likely that in the end the economic results will be the same. We did not recognize Mexico for nothing. Two decrees by President Obregon published at the time of the announcement of recognition indicate that the Mexican Government is loosening its hold over the subsoil wealth of the country by allowing interests to develop properties owned or leased by them without renouncing their rights of ownership to the oil underneath and securing a special concession from the Government. Every step away from the social control of its natural resources is a step backward for Mexico and for the world at large; and even harmony and prosperity are dear at the price.

"I HAVE said to my relative, the king, that I cannot see why this murderous war in Africa should go on. We did so well during the World War and profited so legitimately by it and now we are losing all we gained and our boys are going to their deaths. The king replied that our national honor compelled it. There is probably something wrong with me, but I cannot understand just what kind of honor that is." These striking words, uttered by a member of the Spanish royal family last summer, are recalled to us by the news from Spanish Africa—news that is new yet utterly stale, for exactly the same dispatches have come out of Africa about every third or fourth year for a generation. The Spanish hold a series of outposts in a most difficult country; they communicate with each other only with danger, are often cut off for weeks, and are then relieved with a heavy loss of life. Not unnaturally some Spanish regiments mutinied at Malaga when about to embark for Melilla; why should they go to be half-starved, under the leadership of political generals, and then slaughtered by men fighting for their country against whom the Spanish boy has no grudge whatsoever? We are glad that these poor victims of a senseless and stupid militarism, hiding behind a false conception of national honor, revolted. We wish the whole army had risen and declined to fight, and that if men must die in this horrible imbroglio all the generals could be the ones to perish instead of the innocent sons of pitiful peasant mothers. Sooner or later Spain will have to surrender her African possessions as she did her American and Asiatic. She should do it gracefully while she may.

IN England, a house that cost £1,000 to build two and a half years ago can now be put up for £400. In other words, you can today build two and a half houses for the previous cost of one. More than that; these two and a half are now being built in the same time that it formerly took for one. This cheerful comparison was recently made by Sir Charles Ruthin, the Director-General of Housing, who explained the improvement as due partly to an enormous increase in the output of the operatives in the building industry and partly to a fall in the cost of materials. He announced further that, since September of last year, 32,000 houses have been built or begun by private enterprise, which has recovered "to an amazing extent." But Sir Charles's figures have produced no sense of exhilaration in the public mind. In the first place, they are challenged by the building trade itself. Experts, in Manchester and elsewhere, pronounce the £400 house a flat impossibility. And 32,000 new houses a year—practically all of them built to sell, not to rent, and therefore not available for the average worker—will not go very far to meet the deficit of 870,000 that was officially estimated two years ago. At the Liberal Summer School at Cambridge last month an authority on the subject declared that 80,000 houses were required annually to meet the increase of population and to replace houses that became unfit to live in. So it looks as though most of the "homes for heroes" so confidently promised by Mr. Lloyd George would long remain castles in the air.

SHERMAN'S march to the sea cost Georgia no more than the loss she is suffering from the migration of her Negro population, according to the Georgia Bankers' Association, which is worried over a threatened reduction of State wealth by $27,000,000 this year, with 46,674 farmhouses left vacant, $55,524 idle plows, and a labor shortage already of 70,843 persons. If the present rate of exodus keeps up, the number of persons lost this year will equal the population of ten average mid-Georgia counties. Land that brought from $40 to $75 an acre in 1919 now meets no demand at all and weeds are the only crop. President William A. Winburn, of the Central of Georgia Railway, wants more cheap labor from Europe and is bombarding members of Congress to let down the bars to immigration. While the Georgia Legislature dallies with a proposal to make it "a felony for any person or concern to solicit labor in Georgia for other States" and amends the general tax so that each labor agent in the State must, in addition to paying a $1,000 tax, give a bond to protect creditors of each person sent out of the State, the Negroes have held a State-wide conference. These Negroes, who represent 45 per cent of Georgia's population, point to discrimination in the distribution of agricultural relief, to the crowded tenements and farm shanties, to the unspeakable Jim-Crow cars, to the absentee landlord system with its indecent overseers, and to the $15,000 spent on Negro schools while $735,000 goes to white schools. And, they add, the Negro's life is too cheap; in the midst of mob violence no colored person, however honest, industrious, humble, and law-abiding, can possibly feel himself safe overnight. Too often he is made to feel that the law was designed solely for his punishment, but not for his protection.

THE fundamental error has been, the Negroes say, in attempting to run a democracy without all the people:

> The whole truth is, and you ought to know it, that a very large percentage of us have lost faith in either your willingness now or your intention ever to treat the colored people justly and to allow them to become a basic part of our civilization. This faith restored by unmistakable evidences to the contrary would infinitely improve the unsettled conditions among us. . . . We lay the blame for this most unfortunate condition at the door of the cheap political demagogue, who, to satisfy a purely selfish ambition, and for personal motives, from platform and through an unfair press, has maligned us, misrepresented us, and prejudiced many good white people against us who otherwise would today be our substantial friends, by their self-made scarecrow of "social equality" and "Negro domination." . . . We confess that we covet that life which bread alone cannot give. . . . We challenge you to join us as Christian people in the task of working out a program of justice, equity, and Christian brotherhood, which shall include both groups,

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each separate in his sphere, that shall guarantee to both the fullest opportunity . . . so absolutely essential to a well-rounded humanity.

On August 17 a mob battered down the doors of the jail at Cochran, Georgia, seized Aaron Harris, colored, hanged him on a tree where others have been lynched, and riddled his body with bullets. The same day officers taking Lee Green, colored, to the jail at Perry, Georgia, were forcibly stopped, and Green, a rope tied around his neck, was forced to climb a tree and then told to jump. When he refused, 300 shots were fired into his body and he fell lifeless from the limb. Is this to be Georgia's only reply to the Negroes?

THE Institute of Politics at Williamstown has just ended a session, less brilliant by far than the preceding ones, of which the hero was the German representative, Count Harry Kessler. Here is what Andrew Ten Eyck says about him in the current *Outlook:*

> The greatest force on the lecture platform has been Kessler. Cold, logical, thorough, oblivious of the approval or disapproval of his audiences, which have been consistently large, and steering to his objective with the precision of a skilful pilot, he has had the hardest task and won the greatest victory. . . . But the sum total of the impression that Kessler made is, in my judgment, that the war psychology is gone, and that there is a real German case, attribute German default to what you will—inefficiency or dishonesty.

This is almost the universal testimony. It was given to Kessler, partly because of his perfect command of English, to demonstrate that Germans abroad may, after all, display tact and understanding of their audiences, and ability to appreciate the psychology of others—which latter we had come to doubt. Certainly no German since 1914 has served his country so well in America. As for the other speakers, the selections were far from the best. France was by no means as forcefully represented as she should have been, and we might have been spared the appearance of Lord Birkenhead. None the less the Institute is well worth while, because it helps to concentrate public attention in midsummer upon foreign affairs, and affords a public debating ground. We are sorry to hear rumors that there is danger that it may not be maintained. Its abandonment would be a misfortune.

HAVING decided to go after the French in the field of aircraft, the English are going at it with their accustomed thoroughness. Thus, the Air Minister, the Committee of Imperial Defense, and the Imperial Shipping Committee have decided to accept the proposal of the Burney Airship Company to start a bi-weekly service of six large airships to India, subject to the approval of the House of Commons. The company is to build one airship of 150 tons and five million cubic feet capacity, capable of carrying from 130 to 150 passengers, together with ten tons of mail. The government will provide $2,000,000 as a loan toward the construction of this ship, and after it has successfully flown to India within a hundred hours the government will advance $2,000,000 a year for the following three years—all as a loan. After the company has maintained a weekly service to India for three months, the government will contribute $1,250,000 a year as an outright subsidy, for which it will be entitled to send officers and men to India without charge. The first airship, which is of the rigid Zeppelin type, will have a speed of eighty miles an hour with engines using kerosene and hydrogen combined, and will be built in eighteen months, after which one ship will be turned out every four months until six are complete. Of course, the construction will at first be directed by the Germans, just as the Germans are building the airships for the New York-Chicago Zeppelin line to be started in 1924. We are on the threshold of marvelous airship developments.

FIVE thousand men and women milled through the streets of Harlem when "Kid Dropper," chief of the Essex Street gang, was buried, and his enemies hired a jazz band and put in a false fire alarm in their post-mortem hate. The newspapers dug out of their "morgues" columns of stories of earlier gangsters, of "Chuck" Connors, whose engraved cards gave the address "Chinatown, New York," of "Gyp the Blood," of "Monk" Eastman, who went straight during the war only to be shot by an unruly prohibition agent two years after. The Dropper's record was blazoned on the front page—including his last achievement, the death of the boy for whose love sixteen-year-old Yotchki Churgin, East-Side "vamp," had left the "Dropper's" brother Izzie. Dime novels, Nick Carter romances, tales of Deadwood Dick can hardly rival for romance these revelations of the underworld in 1923 New York. Is the old frontier replaced by a new frontier within our million-manned cities? The new frontier has a sinister side—these gangsters fight not only their own murderous battles of personal love and hate; they write in their lives and crimes the worst pages in the industrial history of America. But after all, was the old frontier so much purer, or is it merely more distant?

COMMEND us for adequate self-appreciation to the Russian pianist Vladimir de Pachmann—whom James Huneker called "the Chopinzee." He was always self-satisfied; years ago he would say to his audiences in the middle of a piece: "Didn't I play that well?" "Isn't that rendering charming?" Sometimes he indulged in scurrilous remarks about people in the audience whose bearing he did not like. Now he is able to declare that he is the "only real genius" of the piano, though he admits that it was but five years ago that he reached that rank—at the age of seventy. Then he discovered the one and only method of piano playing, showing, if he could demonstrate anything so trite and conventional, that it is never too late to learn anew. Perhaps the greatest charm of De Pachmann, aside from his originality, is his frankness in dealing with his rivals. Other artists are always loud in their praises of their contemporaries in their own field and pretend a great enthusiasm, while in their hearts they often burn with envy and hate. Not so De Pachmann. With him the truth prevails at all times. Paderewski, he assured the reporters on his arrival in New York last week, is not a great pianist, but "a good one." Busoni and Rosenthal and Godowsky are good technicians, and the latter is the greatest of all living composers (!). Hofmann's playing, his great audiences will be glad to learn, has grown "steadily worse" ever since he was nine years old. As for Rachmaninoff: "My God, no such people exist for me, he is second-class, no, he is third-class." When it comes to De Pachmann himself, why: "Nothing could be finer or more superb than what I play; it is marvelous. When I hear what I play I say 'it is finished, a perfect thing, thank God.'" There is only one thing lacking: his contemporaries' similarly frank opinions of De Pachmann.

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The League of Nations Faces the Test

BY the act of a tyrant the League of Nations has been brought to book. It must now demonstrate that it has courage and capacity or go to the wall. If it cannot deal with Mussolini it ought to be painlessly chloroformed. If it permits Italy, a signatory to the Covenant and a member of the League, to declare that its unproved grievance against Greece is one affecting its national honor and that, therefore, it is not bound to let the League arbitrate, then is the Covenant but a scrap of paper. If it refuses to act vigorously on the just appeal of Greece, then will it stultify itself. And if for a moment it should entertain Mussolini's reported proposal that the World Court should arbitrate the question whether the League of Nations is competent to deal with this situation, it would become a byword—no, the laughing-stock of the world. A reference to the World Court is unthinkable.

So this impudent swashbuckler has brought up with a round turn the Robert Cecils, the Smutses, the Nansens, and all the good and true Americans who have been insisting that a League of Nations conceived and constituted like this one was going to exercise its powers to pacify the world. Now they and their League must face the music. The procedure it ought to take is clearly specified and known of all men. The question is whether it has the courage and the nerve to grapple with the man who has flouted it and declares that his country will withdraw from the League if it does not take his point of view exactly. It has shown no courage whatever in dealing with the Poles at Vilna, the misgovernment in the Saar which is such direct violation of the Treaty of Versailles; it has pussyfooted as to the opium trade and above all it has been shamefully silent as to the monstrous wickedness of the Ruhr occupation. No wonder Mussolini has felt that he can thumb his nose at the Council in Geneva. He knows, and everybody else knows who looks beneath the surface, that the only reason the League has not acted as to the Ruhr is that it is too cowardly to grapple with France. Some of its chief spokesmen say that in letters to and in private conversations with the editors of *The Nation*, and they beg that the League be given a little more time to get on its feet before it is called upon to tackle "one of the big fellows." Very well, here is a littler fellow who is beginning to shoot up Europe in the finest manner of a drunken cowboy in a Western mining-camp. How about his case?

Mussolini ought not to be so difficult for the League to handle because he is so vulnerable economically. If he is to have an economic boycott declared against him, as is provided in Article XVI of the Covenant, it should be very easy to reduce him to terms, for Italy does not produce a ton of coal, and since the Ruhr invasion took place has obtained practically all of its coal from England. And England is, after Greece, the very country which is the most deeply aggrieved and affronted. Mussolini has, moreover, put Great Britain in a dreadful hole. It went to war over Belgium because of secret obligations, never made public and persistently lied about in the Commons, which bound it, so its Edward Greys declared, to defend the violated neutrality of Belgium. Now here is a violation of an agreement of neutrality made as to Corfu by Great Britain, France, and Russia in 1863 and publicly recorded since that time.

Is the same country which rightfully denounced Germany for its brutal violation of its treaty with Belgium to sit by and let Mussolini have his way with Corfu? Then shall it once more not escape the charge that its statesmen are hypocrites; that its spasms of virtue in foreign affairs are invariably synchronous with pecuniary gain or the opportunity to destroy a trade rival. No, England must move now or confess the utter hollowness of her pretexts in 1914.

We are aware, of course, that Mussolini has excellent precedents for his excuse that this is not war but merely the seizing of a guaranty. The self-righteous Woodrow Wilson gave him one when he took and held Vera Cruz, his fleet murdering about 400 men, women, and children as he did so. The English have given him plenty, notably when they seized a Venezuelan harbor to enforce the payment of debts. But best of exemplars is Poincaré. Is that gentleman not morally bound to uphold Mussolini? Isn't he merely holding the Ruhr as a guaranty of reparations for colossal wrongs? Isn't he, too, certain that his invasion is not an act of war? The truth is that all the great nations are tarred with the same brush. They are hypocritical imperialists and all on the make at the dictation of their capitalist society.

All the more reason that England, for one, should begin to repair its record by calling a halt on Mussolini. If he is justified in Corfu, then is any highbinder or footpad within the pale. But quite aside from anything else is the fact that Europe is a powder magazine and no such running amuck with a flaring torch can be tolerated. As we go to press the indications are favorable. But who can prophesy? Nobody dreamed that the murder at Sarajevo would set the whole world ablaze and cost ten million human lives. The barbarous murder of the Italian delegation in Albania is so nearly a repetition of that incident as to make one shudder. Again the scene is in the Balkans, and this time instead of a feeble old Kaiser like Franz Josef to deal with we must reckon with an utterly irresponsible tyrant, who has been raised to dictatorial power by naked force, by preaching the doctrine of might above right, one who has long been an advocate of Italianizing the entire Mediterranean.

If the League of Nations can head him off it will be entitled to the highest praise, which we, for our part, shall not be backward in giving to it. If it fails to act, then the enlightened governments and the public opinion of the world must none the less be brought into play. In the latter, the Italians resident in this and other countries than Italy should aid. They must know of the danger of Jugoslavia's breaking loose if Italy really becomes involved in war with Greece. And with Jugoslavia in, who can say what bounds could be set to the new war to end war and make the world safe for democracy? In the effort to save us from this, our own country should also act and at once. Enlightened statesmanship at Washington should, without waiting for anybody or anything else, voice its protest at the incredible folly, to give them no other name, of Mussolini's acts. It would be a heaven-sent opportunity for a brave and far-seeing President, but—at least the country itself may speak.

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Mussolini and Hughes

WHILE Mussolini was landing troops at Tangier in Morocco, and delivering an ultimatum (reminiscent of the Austrian missive of 1914) to Greece, our own Mr. Hughes was expressing, to the members of the American Bar Association, his very Mussolini-like philosophy of international relations. Both gentlemen proclaim the good old Machiavellian principle of *sacro egoismo*. Indeed, it may be an injustice to Machiavelli to trace the Mussolini-Hughes doctrine to him; its real father is the cave-man or the extinct dinosaur.

It is a doctrine which is becoming increasingly open in the world (it has always been popular) and it seems to achieve a certain immediate success. It is the doctrine that individuals and nations have a right to anything they want—if they have the power to take it and keep it. It is the doctrine which the League of Nations consecrated when the Poles took Vilna and allowed when the Lithuanians took Memel. It is the doctrine by which the Germans justified their seizure of Belgium in 1914, by which the French excuse their action in the Ruhr today, and by which Mr. Hughes is ready to explain anything which the United States has done or may care to do in this hemisphere. The Monroe Doctrine, he says, "remains an assertion of the principle of national security" (!), and "the Government of the United States reserves to itself its definition, interpretation, and application." In the language commonly used by individuals applying Mr. Hughes's code, we will do as we blooming well please. It is all very much in the manner of the dictator of Italy—and after all, since Mr. C. W. Barron has announced that the two greatest economic minds of the world "are those of Mussolini and Coolidge," why should not Mr. Coolidge's chief secretary seek to claim fame as one of the two greatest political philosophers of the day? (We expect some learned lawyer soon to proclaim Mussolini as such.)

Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece was inexcusable swashbuckling. Moreover, there is no proof as yet that they were Greek bandits who murdered the Italian commissioners three miles from the Albanian frontier—but Mussolini says they were, and, like Mr. Hughes, he reserves to himself all questions of "definition, interpretation, and application."

One may even suspect that he would like to pick a quarrel. Italy still holds the Greek islands which she took from Turkey in 1912 and half-promised to return to Greece, and a good excuse for retaining them would be convenient. Furthermore, Albania has become almost a province of the Italian empire, and the Greek-Albanian frontier naturally interests Italian statesmen.

Tangier is another question. Italy was not a great Mediterranean Power when Tangier went under a sort of international directorate. Joint control did not work well, and since the war France has established herself as virtual ruler of Tangier. England, fearful of a strong Power established opposite Gibraltar, has sought to restore international control, but both England and France have refused to admit that Italy's claim to an "interest," as a Mediterranean Power, in the fate of Tangier had any basis. So Mussolini has taken the short and eloquent step of landing troops there "to protect Italian interests." It's the old, old story of empire-building; Mr. Hughes uses as pretty words to explain the maintenance of our troops in Haiti and Santo Domingo and to justify his intrusion into Cuba's domestic policies.

We are, as Americans, particularly aggrieved at Mr. Hughes's address on the Monroe Doctrine. The whole moral basis of America's attitude to Europe is undermined by his persistent refusal to face the fact that we are playing the bully to Latin America. The Monroe Doctrine may, at its inception, have been a measure of defense—though even then the idea of a great hemispheric American empire was not undreamed; it has become a cloak for aggression. For Mr. Hughes to say that it "does not infringe upon the independence and sovereignty of other American states" and to insist that it "does not stand in the way of Pan-American cooperation" is simply preposterous. All Latin America is seething with protest at the dictatorial attitude of the United States delegates to the recent Pan-American conference.

These are the facts: our marines hold Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Nicaragua; we are telling Cuba what to do with her lottery and her railroads; we have just brought Mexico to adjust her oil and land laws to please American investors; all Central America is under our financial thumb; an American financial mission has been instructing Colombia how to run her finances; American bankers control Bolivian policy, and Peru is virtually in American hands; an American naval mission to Brazil has almost precipitated war between that country and Argentina. Could any one guess these things from Mr. Hughes's talk to his fellow-members of the legal profession?

"Principle of national security?" Not for anyone but ourselves, surely—and will we claim that Cuba's lottery threatens our safety? "Cooperation?" In no truer sense than Germany cooperated with Belgium during the war. It is *sacro egoismo*, divine selfishness, "do-anything-you-can-get-away-with." Mr. Hughes leaves Americans scant right to read moral lessons to Mussolini, and yet it is still our duty to protest. But, we fear, Mr. Hughes is far too much of a blood brother to Mussolini to hope for much.

On Rereading

THE advice of Hazlitt to reread an old book whenever one is tempted to read a new one is good advice. But like even the best advice it should be acted on not only not too literally but with moderation. The reading of many years leaves many memories—beautiful and somber, gay and moving. In hours of reverie these memories are part of the mind's best possessions. For reading is deeply rooted in life. It marks high moments, profound consolations, periods of splendor and decline. To have read George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man" at twenty is something more than reading. It is akin to religion and to love. But shall we reread that book? Heaven forbid! For we can well imagine how cold those palpitating pages would seem today, how drained of what we once brought to them, how much of their wisdom would seem knowingness, how much of their beauty to be touched by decay. Not to reread the book—that is the only way of possessing it forever and of possessing untarnished that hour of youth when first it swam into our ken.

This, then, is the true philosophy of the matter. All but the authentic classics, new or old, had better be left alone if we would keep the gifts that they once had to give us. Various temperaments will react toward past reading in

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various ways. The principle remains. In an idle hour, not long ago, we took up "Lavengro." Once we had almost belonged to what Andrew Lang called the true Borrovians. Alas, we found Borrow amazingly dull, pompous, and wooden. What had once seemed rude manliness now seemed mere ignorant pig-headedness. Did ever mortal know so much with so little result? The experience was a little disconcerting. We had planned to reread some of Dickens, not a little Stevenson, even Trollope. We shall not do so. We shall leave Mr. Micawber alive forever in the chambers of the mind; we shall keep untouched by the morose criticism of the later years the inimitable Alan Breck Stuart; we shall not lose our cathedral closes and towers of Barchester by rashly opening the books that gave them to us once. On a lower plane the counsel to reread is imperative. Long ago we had hours of keen absorption in Walter Besant and in Wilkie Collins; not only in "All Sorts and Conditions of Men" but even in "The Woman in White." We must flee from such books or they are ruined forever. We once tried, for ten horrible minutes, to reread "The History of David Grieve."

The minor Elizabethans share this fate with the minor Victorians. It is no empty observation to make that all the unromantic part of the eighteenth century stands the test of rereading magnificently. As experience and reason ripen one is drawn more and more to the sovereign sanity and simplicity of the books of that age. If Stevenson seems a little thin and tormented, read Defoe's "Captain Singleton," if all the words of the moderns seem either over-used or over-luscious, read Swift; if poetry seems, in certain moods, to have lost both the ground under its feet and the rhythm of its eternal tread, it is no bad plan to reread the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" or certain incomparable lines in the "Epistle to Jervas." Addison, to be sure, seems ever more anemic and meanly proper as the years go on. It is a superstition, however, that Johnson is important only as the sitter for a memorable portrait. With all its faults and prejudiced judgments and failures of vision, the "Lives of the Poets" remains one of the sanest, most fascinating, most human books in the language. Nor is this all. It was in the despised *Rambler* that Johnson said he "would not willingly interrupt the dream of harmless stupidity or destroy the jest which makes its author laugh"; it was there, too, that he declared: "It ought to be the first endeavor of a writer to distinguish nature from custom; or that which is established because it is right, from that which is right only because it is established; that he may neither violate essential principles by a desire of novelty, nor debar himself from the attainment of beauties within his view by a needless fear of breaking rules which no literary dictator had authority to enact." We may be very mordant wits and very philosophical critics today. We shall not easily beat that.

Yes, the books that bear rereading are the books that have essential sanity and freedom. They may be as lofty as "Faust," or as kneaded of the common clay as the tales of Smollett. It is the overbright that fades, the strained that snaps. An unnatural polish will soon tarnish, and intricate forms not stuffed with substance will crumple, wither, and decay. Johnson's prose is fresher today than Oscar Wilde's, Pope's verses than those of Arthur O'Shaughnessy. Here is a counsel for writers as well as readers. The books that can be reread are the books that are models. The others partake of the nature of dreams, pleasurable but transitory.

Labor's Newspapers

AS the commercialization of journalism increases, as the big newspapers swallow the little ones and editorial independence becomes less and less valued, the newspapers tend more and more to express the point of view of the possessing classes. No wonder labor turns eagerly to the hope of establishing a press of its own. When big dailies are sold for millions of dollars their editors inevitably are men of the big-financier type, and the chance that they will have broad liberal sympathies or employ men of democratic contacts to write editorials for them is slight. Newspapers have become not merely slaves of "big business" but a part of "big business." It is a mere accident of fortune when papers like the Baltimore *Suns* are given a free rein, or when the sons of a fortune-maker, like the younger generation of Pulitzers, keep their papers as liberal as the New York *World* or the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

Labor, of course, is twice handicapped in any effort to establish journals of its own. It lacks the enormous funds requisite, and it lacks experience in journalism. Labor leaders are all too likely to care more for partisanship than for fair play; in their resentment of capitalist distortions they often lose the faculty of self-criticism. They are prone to want a trade journal, carrying too exclusively news of the labor organizations, and to realize too little that it is their own members who support the papers which carry least labor news. (It is a curious fact that the *Times* at present prints the best labor news of any large daily in New York.)

The recent reorganization of the New York *Call* gives hope of a labor newspaper which will be at once a *labor* paper and a *news*paper. The ownership passes from party Socialists to a group of labor unions led by the powerful Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. Norman Thomas, a contributing editor of *The Nation*, becomes editor-in-chief of the *Call*, and Heber Blankenhorn, whose long experience on a New York afternoon paper has been complemented by intimate association with labor organizations in the Bureau of Industrial Research, becomes the managing editor. Evans Clark, of the Labor Bureau, assumes the business managership. The names of these men are guaranties of the independence and editorial quality of the new paper. These qualities the old paper has too often lacked. Its clear-headed war-time policy has lately faded into a rather gloomy partisanship, wholly uninteresting to the average reader, and its style has suffered the inevitable effect of such a lapse. For all that, its history is one of courage and sacrifice on the part of its editors and its supporters, and the new management should be able to build a far greater paper on the sturdy foundation of the loyalty that has kept the *Call* alive.

Whether such a paper can be a financial success remains a question. The only English-language labor paper in the United States with a clear balance-sheet is Victor Berger's Milwaukee *Leader*. The Butte *Bulletin* and the Oklahoma *Leader* have become weeklies; the Seattle *Union-Record* and the Minnesota *Star* struggle with deficits. Chicago and Boston have almost forgotten that they ever had labor dailies. Even in England the *Daily Herald* is in one of its periodic crises, from which it will emerge only if the Trade Union Congress comes to its rescue. Can the new *Call* do better? Time alone will tell. But if labor can manage its own banks, why not its own newspapers?

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The Greatest Jewish City in the World

By KONRAD BERCOVICI

THERE is an old European saying that every country deserves the kind of Jews it has.

If so, New York does not know what it deserves, for it has every kind—gangsters, social workers, philanthropists, corrupt politicians, patriotic capitalists, preaching socialists, anarchists, bigots, atheists, ignorant illiterates, highly educated men. Every kind of Jew, from the lowest strata of humanity to the peak of culture, is represented here—a complete nation. The only way to purify water is to sterilize it. The only way to purify a nation is to kill it. You can kill a Jew but you can't kill the Jews. Spain has learned that. Russia has had her lesson. Poland has tried to solve her Jewish problem in a river. Hungary has imitated Poland. Rumania has tried to imitate them. Germany is doing it now. But it all comes down to one and the same thing. You can kill a Jew, ten, a hundred, a thousand, but you can't kill the Jews. They cannot even be absorbed. No sooner has the inevitable process of absorption begun in a country after two generations of tolerance have put their national or racial consciousness to sleep, than an anti-Semitic outbreak in that country or in another awakens the consciousness in the Jews and the reluctance to absorb them in the non-Jews. And the would-be alloy separates like non-mixable chemical matter, a little tarnished but not welded.

During my long residence in New York I have observed the following changes in one man: He arrived a bearded talmudical scholar in 1910. Rabbi Glockman was then less than thirty years old. He had a wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. The oldest was twelve years old, which meant that the father had married at eighteen. A year later Rabbi Glockman was still teaching Hebrew in a little after-school "Cheder" where the Jewish children were sent by their parents so as not to forget they were Jews. The school was on Division Street, way down on the East Side. Two years later, with the beard a little trimmed, Mr. Glockman owned a "Kosher" delicatessen store, on Second Avenue near Tenth Street. The place closed on Friday evening and remained closed till Saturday after prayers. Mr. Glockman was the president of a congregation. Four years later Mr. Glockman was partner in a shirt-waist factory where they worked on the Sabbath. The beard was completely gone. They lived in the Bronx. Six years later Mr. Glockman smoked on the Sabbath, ate "unclean" food, and was denounced in a strike as the worst exploiter. He employed only Italian labor and had changed his name to Bell, George Bell, and had moved from the Bronx to Morristown; because there were no Jews there. Eight years later his daughter had married a Gentile. But then the railroad strike broke out. The great Morristown plan, by which the wealthiest commuters manned the trains, entered into vogue. Mr. Bell came to the station every morning with his overalls under his arms ready to take his place as a scab—to help the country. But Mr. T. and Mr. D. and Mr. F. who were at the head would not have the Jew with them in the cab. He had to ride as a passenger. They would not even give him the privilege of acting as conductor. Today Mr. Bell is again Solome Glockman. He lives in Harlem, in the heart of the Jewish district. Is a member of the congregation and a fanatical Zionist. Even the beard was allowed to grow back, a little trimmed, to its full length. Until the daughter divorced her husband and married a Jew she was not allowed to cross her parents' door.

An exception? No. It is typical.

When the first Jews came to live in New York, then New Amsterdam, in 1630 or thereabouts, Peter Stuyvesant was governor. They were known as Portuguese Jews. In reality they were Spanish Jews, escaped from Spanish persecution, who had acquired Portuguese citizenship in Brazil, then ruled by Portugal. Peter Stuyvesant unscrewed his wooden leg and beating the governmental desk with it asked their extermination. They were unworthy to tread the earth, he argued. He hated Jews. But that Mayflower Jewry dealt in gorgeous silks and beautiful jewelry which they received from compatriots the world over, and they had many supporters. There are several cemeteries full of these Jews in New York. One is a small triangle lot on the southeastern corner of Eleventh Street and Sixth Avenue. Another one is on the Bowery below Canal Street. There are washlines strung between the red-brick houses on both sides of this cemetery. The houses are inhabited by Greeks and Italians. At night the shadows of the fluttering white bed sheets give a ghastly animation to the weather-beaten crookedly-leaning grey tombstones. There is another cemetery in a back yard of a Jewish theater on Second Avenue.

If Peter Stuyvesant could only see what has happened! On his Bouwerie, his farm, close to the church his widow had erected to his memory, from one end to the other of his estate: Jews, nothing but Jews—synagogues and theaters—temples, Jewish institutions. His district sends Jewish representatives to the Assembly, to Congress, makes Jewish judges, and on the square, within earshot of his grave in the wall of the church, Jewish boys and women talk politics and religion and make love. And were it not for Jews who come to hear lectures on music and poetry his church would be empty on Sundays and holidays.

There are more Jews in New York than in Palestine, more than Palestine can ever hope to have. (For that matter there are more Italians in New York than in Rome, and more Greeks than in Athens.) Down on Allen Street, under the elevated railway, where the sun never penetrates, where the night is only a little darker than the day, live the Syrian and Moroccan Jews. You may see them on the street in civilized garb, but in their stores and houses, hammering out brass for lanterns and working at curiously patterned jewelry as they sit on their heels, Turkish fashion, they wear their own garments—the wide, large, folded pantaloons that come down to a narrow cuff at the ankles of the bare feet in red slippers. They wear long beards covering their chests. They wear heavy brocaded burnouses and on their heads rest small cone-like brown fezes. And their heavy, dark-eyed, olive-skinned women wear tasseled skirts, and white shawls over their black hair. Those who have arrived but recently still wear the yellow patch, the Jew sign of the Moroccan Ghetto. Try to speak Yiddish to them! Not a word do they understand. They speak Hebrew and Spanish —the old Castilian, to be exact. For they too are descend-

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ants of the Spanish Jews. Their ancestors fled Spain centuries ago but they took the language with them; the language which Ibn Ezra, Ibn Gabirol, and Ben Halevy, the three great Jewish poetic stars of the Middle Ages, have immortalized in their beautiful verses. Today if a Spanish scholar desires to study the Castilian tongue he has to come to New York to study it from the Jews. They have their own synagogue, their own congregation, and even their own paper, printed in Spanish. They stand aside from the other Jews. They consider themselves superior; for their ancestors have been tortured on the rack in Spain. The early comers of the same race of Jews have enriched themselves, become multi-millionaires, in the tobacco and cigarette business, in the traffic in lace, jewelry, and silks. Only a great calamity, like the late war or the pogroms in Russia, awakens in them Jewish consciousness.

Below Allen Street, on Division Street, is Jewish Newspaper Row. There have long been four large Jewish daily papers. A fifth one under the editorship of L. E. Miller, the father of Jewish journalism in America, has just been revived. There are several weeklies—a reactionary one and one of anarchistic tendencies. The combined circulation of these papers is over a million a day. Probably half of that is subscribed by out-of-town readers. There are several periodicals in the old Hebrew of the prophets. On East Broadway and on Grand Street, back of the pushcarts, lit by smoking acetylene torches at night, behind rickety toys and second-hand new clothes, are several publishing-houses. They publish books written in Yiddish—modern books on philosophy and sociology, translations of Nietzsche, Bergson, Freud, James, Marx, Tolstoi, Balzac, Dostoievski, and Jack London; also new editions of the Talmud with its commentaries, and treatises on the Cabala.

Every other day there arises a new great poet or prosateur on the East Side. One day it was Moritz Rosenfeld. His fame spread to the outer world, thanks to the interest of a Columbia professor of literature. His poems were translated into all the languages and praised in all of them. You can read about him that he was a tailor. A miracle had come to pass; a tailor became a great poet. What they forgot to say was that a great Hebrew scholar had become a tailor in America. Leon Dolitzky's fame rose. A six-foot-two giant, he was a legendary figure in Jewish life before he was twenty. You can still meet him at the Division Street cafe, as straight as an arrow at seventy. And if he likes you well enough he will read you his latest love poem. Then came Abraham Raisin, that sweetest of all singers. Sholom Asch, unsuccessful with three books translated into English, suddenly attracted attention with his play, "The God of Vengeance." And Pinski, Cahan, Moishe Nadir, Libin, Jehoash, Peretz Hirshbein, in whose plays Ben Ami starred, and a host of others too numerous to mention. The best of Jewish talent and intelligence crowds on an afternoon in the Division Street cafe and at the Royal on Second Avenue at night—painters, sculptors, musicians, poets, actors.

There are a dozen Jewish theaters in Greater New York with some three hundred plays in their repertoire. This repertoire includes Ibsen, Tolstoi, Andreiev, Pshibishevski, Sudermann, Schnitzler, Shaw, Shakespeare, and also includes such trash as one is ashamed to stumble upon. The Yiddish Broadway, Second Avenue, is an exact duplicate of the real Broadway. Actors and managers the world over are of the same ilk. The acting fraternity is a race apart. Language is but a superficial distinction. But the Jewish acting profession in New York has given to the American stage some of its best—the Schildkrauts, father and son, Ben Ami, the Adlers, the Larrimores, Warfield, and a host of others. They may play on the English stage but when at leisure they come down to the East Side to meet friends. For it is the peculiarity of the Jew to return to his erstwhile haunts when successful. He returns there in cutaway and silk hat, bediamonded and with a condescending air. But he returns.

There is a cafe on Second Avenue where gather the parents and relatives of the celebrities. They are pointed out to strangers as the father of Elman, the brother of Levitzky, the sister of Alma Gluck, etc. One evening after a long absence Mischa Elman's father, a scholarly gentleman who would have won his spurs as a writer if his son had not become a great virtuoso, explained that he had visited nightly another coffee-house, frequented by talmudic scholars, where he was not known. Four weeks his happiness lasted. He gathered laurels of his own. Then some one who knew him came in, and the happiness was gone. It was his fate to be known only as Mischa's father.

When Mme. Gluck's sister discourses on music no one dares say a word. But the father of the son who had just graduated from the talmudic school on East Broadway is just as proud of his offspring as the father of the great lawyer or virtuoso or millionaire. It's the coffee-house of fathers and relatives.

Slowly the Jews have been pushed northward by the Italians, who have invaded their territory after being dislodged from theirs by the Syrians. Signs in Hebrew letters on the windows have been scratched out and Italian words painted there instead. You can still see the traces of the old signs. Many a synagogue became a Chiesa Cattolica. And in the move upward many a church was transformed into a synagogue. The Jews and Italians are always close neighbors in New York—heartily disliking one another, nevertheless. Two things make them so neighborly. The pushcarts first—the old oriental bazaar, with merchandise on the street, where one bargains for every article, where the buyer and the seller try to outwit one another, appeals to both peoples strongly. The pushcart trade exists only in Jewish and Italian settlements. Musical instruments side by side with onions, apples, garlic, praying shawls, phylacteries, holy images; a trick picture of Moses and Washington in one, and of the holy Virgin and Garibaldi next to it; plaster casts, cut glass, jewelry, furs, pistols, knives, fishing tackle, oysters, clams—the bazaar. Crowds. Noises. Quarrels. The Jew trying to speak Italian; the Italian offering his wares in a broken Yiddish. Curses in both languages. The children play. A hand organ with a chained black bird that "pulls out your luck" from the stack of yellow cards near its beak; a monkey climbing up the window to collect a penny; a phonograph hoarsely bellowing out the latest of Cantor Rosenblatt or Caruso. And from an open window in Hester Street come the strains of a perfectly played Beethoven Sonata. It's Hershman, the pushcart peddler's daughter, playing. He calls out "Apples, apples," and listens to her playing. On Mulberry Street the son of the tailor is getting ready for grand opera. On Delancey Street my barber used to leave me in the chair half shaved to go to the back of the store and remonstrate with his son for not practicing faithfully. That son was Max Rosen, the celebrated violinist. Once I had a sign painted by a youngster who is now a famous painter. The pushcart, the bazaar,

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is the bond between the Italians and the Jews. I mean one of the bonds; the second is: Italians like fresh-killed meat and they can get it in Jewish butcher stores.

Crowded northward, the Jews discovered the wilds of the Bronx. The doctors advised them to go and live there when they had a "touch of consumption." It was "the country." What they did with these wilds is history. They destroyed beautiful forest estates and built ugly tenement houses, created a new Hester Street where there was a park. But they also created a town where there were only rocks and marshes. Theaters, synagogues, institutions, hospitals, factories, gambling houses, other houses. There is now a generation of Bronx Jews, quite distinct from the East Side Jew. It's the second generation Jew, with all the outward characteristics minus beard and mustache, playing baseball, great fight fans, commercial travelers, clean-shirted, white-collared, derby-hatted, crease-trousered. The women are stylish and stout, white-skinned, long-nosed, bediamonded; social workers, actresses, stump speakers, jazz dancers, with none of the color and the virtues of their erstwhile bearded, bewigged parents, and a few vices of their own acquisition. But they bathe frequently.

A third generation is now being housed on Riverside Drive. The Bronx having become "too Jewish" for them, they went to the "Drive." And as the Drive then still harbored the feeling voiced by many a to-let sign in Harlem and some parts above Gramercy Park, "No Jews," they did what they had done to Lakewood, New Jersey. Many years ago, Nathan Straus went to a Lakewood Hotel to pass a few weeks at that rather exclusive winter resort. The manager told him, "No Jews here." So he built a hotel next to it for Jews only. The result was that in a few years hundreds of little and big "kosher" hotels swamped the place. What happened to the "No Jew" place is history. The natives have not yet regretted the change. Last Christmas there was a Jewish flag on top of the community's Christmas tree on Main Street. Yes. It's what has happened to the Drive; they built tenement houses. It's no longer Riverside Drive; it's Jewish Drive. In another few years the Drive generation, a very much Americanized one, Glockmans in the last stage of "Bells," will leave the Drive to go elsewhere—because the Drive is too Jewish. Already many prefer to refer to their residences as Morningside. The East Side and part of the Bronx go to synagogues where the prayers are made in Hebrew. Harlem goes to Reform Synagogues where they have women in the choirs and organ music. The Drive goes to temples where the beardless Rabbis are doctors from American theological seminaries.

Yet so far the only cultural values have come from the East Side. The men and women contributing to American thought, American letters, American revolt, American art, American music, have come from the East Side—immigrants pregnant yet with their idealism, and the first generation.

I don't mean to say one has to elbow his way through swarming geniuses on the dirty East Side streets. On an evening, at the close of the factories and sweatshops, west of Third Avenue from Canal Street to Thirty-second Street, when the thousands and thousands are let loose from the chains of the needle-factory wheels, it looks as if it was the mission of Israel in America to trouser, coat and gown the rest of the population of this continent. Yet if it were not for the Jews the Metropolitan Opera House would only have its tier boxes and the upper gallery filled. The boxes by the gentry and the gallery by the Italians on Italian nights. Go to Carnegie Hall or to Aeolian Hall at a worthwhile concert and perhaps you will change your opinion about Jews caring for nothing but dollars. You will see many a boy and girl who, you will think, could have used dollars in a more practical way.

As a matter of fact one does not exclude the other. Has not Jehuda Ben Halevy been a very practical man, and a great poet? Moses Mendelssohn, Moishe Dessauer, had been a banker, a bookkeeper, and a philosopher, whose book "Immortality of the Soul" will live longer than the glory of his son Felix. And many a great poet of today combines business ability with art.

Another fallacy is the great feeling of unity among all the Jews. As a matter of fact the Jews, the immigrants especially, live in national groups—the Rumanian Jews in one district, the Russians in another, the Polish and Galician elsewhere, and so on. The German Jews put a great distance between themselves and the others. One dislikes the other's peculiarities and all dislike the German Jews, especially because they rule the institutions, orphanages, hospitals, charity dispensaries, and the Educational Alliance, and because they treat the others with condescension. Before we entered the European war each Jew took sides with the country he migrated from. The German Jew could not forgive the Russian Jew for his successful invasion of the needle and real-estate trade. Now they frown on them because of their political activities. The argument is that they spoil the "good name" of the Jews by being Socialists and Bolshevists. In politics the German Jew has always sided with the stronger one.

How clannish the different Jewish nationalities are can be illustrated by the fact that only one Rumanian Jew is employed in all of the Yiddish newspapers. They are all in the hands of Russian Jews, with here and there a Polish or a Galician thrown in.

A million and a half of Jews from the world over in one city! Glockmans at different stages; tadpoles becoming frogs—and vice versa. In all walks of life, wedded to the country for good or worse, molding and being molded, shedding their colors (which do not always fall on barren soil), sing-songing the tongue they have acquired in the manner of the one they have forgotten, trying hard to fit old traditions in a new life—fathers looking upon sons as strangers, only half understanding them, never agreeing, desiring their children to Americanize, yet fearing the new will never be worth the old, subconsciously hoping that a wave of anti-Semitism will rescue the race from assimilation.

Contributors to This Issue

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HENRI BARBUSSE first became generally known in America through his story of the war, "Le Feu." *The Nation* printed a debate between him and Romain Rolland on February 8, 1922, entitled The Tower of Ivory.

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The Woman

By HENRI BARBUSSE

DAYLIGHT, when it entered the low, black hovel was changed into the dusk of evening, and nothing but projecting angles was ever visible in the room. The floor of mud and stones might have been a piece of poor roadway.

The dying woman raised herself up on her pallet. A broken shaft of light coming through the bars of the window, set in the slant of the roof, fell upon her thin figure.

"When I am dead," she said to her daughter Mary, "go find your brother. He has been working in the mines ever since your father and I parted. You will both be orphans, so stay together. You should. It's the right thing to do, and it's natural for brother and sister to live with each other. You'll recognize him. If you don't, you'll know him by his name. You'll be a help to him. And he'll be a help to you, too. He's not a bad one, you know."

This was all the dying woman could say. During the night her lips closed forever.

After the funeral Mary, who wore a gray dress and had removed the flower from her hat in sign of mourning, took the train, got off at the station for the mines, and walked across the blackened countryside to find her brother John.

Blacker and blacker grew the roads, the nearer the coal-mines. A vast storm-cloud seemed to have spread over the neighborhood and faded off on the earth.

Mary took a room in one of the hotels on the main street, where the houses had turned the color of a smokened lamp-chimney from the drifts of grit and coal-dust. In the evening she went to the exit of the pits and stood among the housewives who were waiting for the men to come out.

The shriek of the sirens stunned her. Then she was jostled by the mass of workers—that dull, livid mass of men, who emerged from the opening and moved off in the same direction, like a funeral cortège.

Though she and her brother had not seen each other since he was fifteen, she recognized him. Yes, that was John, with his small, pale face—too small, too pale—and his big body—his too-big body. His manner was different from the others; he seemed to be worn out and lonely—profoundly lonely.

Good heavens!

Mary saw John's companions push him and titter. They were making fun of him.

He struggled, broke away, and fled.

She followed him.

He entered a lodging-house. But first he lifted his head and looked at the house, as if to make sure of it; which is a way shy people have. Soon he came out and went to the inn for dinner. Here he hesitated a moment on the threshold as though frightened by the clatter inside. Then he walked mechanically over to the remotest corner, where he tucked himself as far out of sight as possible.

No woman, no sweetheart then?

Odd.

Well, one thing was certain: she, Mary, could sit down near him without making a nuisance of herself. That was fine! But the ease with which matters had been proceeding since her risky coming to the mines made her heart contract.

She entered the restaurant and seated herself opposite her brother two tables away wedged in between gabbling diners.

He looked bored and sad, though he couldn't have known of his mother's death. An unshaded gas-jet threw black lines and white splotches on his bony face.

Ah, a good-looking fellow!

Some would-be comedians stopped in front of John and asked him joking questions. Among them was an airy, beribboned hussy with the light of wine in her eyes. John stammered something and stuck his nose in his plate. His ridiculers left, but the women at the tables all around burst out laughing.

Oh, the brother Mary had found was a butt for ridicule, a thing to be flouted. Nobody wanted him. It was to get away from people as much as possible that he came rushing home from work and ate as though driven to bay in the remotest corner of the inn.

Tears came to Mary's eyes. How sorry she was for him! Well, now she had come. She would sweeten his life. She would be his family. She and he would take rooms together and his mantel would be brightened by flowers.

Before slipping from her place, where she was almost being crushed between her mobile neighbors, she gave him a long look. He happened to raise his head, caught the look, and stared at her.

She smiled at him.

A woman smiled at him! He gaped and sat in arrested movement.

Mary blushed. Of course he couldn't recognize her. So he must imagine that. . . . Instinctively, she lowered her eyes. But instinctively she raised them again. He kept looking at her with wide-open eyes. In the pallor of his face his eyes shone like tears. And his face wore a look of surprise so poignant that Mary trembled all over and—smiled again.

The scene had not escaped the noisy crowd of diners seated at the other tables—John Cadiot and the pretty stranger were exchanging glances! The workmen nudged each other and watched the by-play in amazement.

"What do you know about that?" they murmured.

Mary was abashed. She sat still and finished her dinner, without risking another glance in John's direction, though she felt that he was looking at her steadily. And so were the others.

After coffee was served, half the people went out.

Mary got up and started toward her brother. He, seeing she really meant to come to him, rose to his feet and said, so as to clear up her mistake and forestall misunderstanding:

"I am John Cadiot."

She opened her mouth to say: "Yes and I'm Mary, you know—Mary?" But he was looking at her fresh mouth with a sort of hope so extraordinary that, unconsciously, she said nothing, but merely smiled again and remained standing there.

John finally decided to murmur:

"Shall we leave this place?"

They quietly and awkwardly made their way out.

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At their passage complete silence fell among the people in the workmen's restaurant. The moment they were out of doors John touched her, then took her arm. She let him do it. Why did she not promptly dispel this painful, this grievous mistake? Why?

She only said:

"You live all by yourself?"

"Of course," he replied.

Then he made an effort and stammered:

"Why do you ask? It's so strange for anyone to care about me. I'm not rich, you know? Everybody thinks it funny."

He pointed with his thumb.

Glued to the windows of the cabarets lining the street were dark spying faces.

"You haven't any friends?"

"Is any one likely to care for me? I understand why—that is I mean—"

It was hard for him to talk of such things, as if he weren't used to the phraseology.

Mary still withheld the revelation, and said in a low voice:

"You seem to be very nice. There are lots of women who would be happy with you."

"No one has ever told me so," muttered the young man.

"I am saying so, you see."

"You—you!"

John threw his long arms around Mary's shoulders and drew her to him to kiss her. His lips brushed the young girl's cheeks. She pushed him away.

"No, no!"

His arms fell to his side. He stood like a staid slave.

"Listen," Mary said, "you mustn't fall in love with me. I should be very unhappy if you did. I am not free. I'm not, really. If you only knew! And I'm going away from here. But other women beside me will find you very different from the rest of the men."

"Ah!" he said, "in what way, in what way?"

He planted himself in front of her, in ecstasy.

"They'll love me, *me?* Really? Tell me, would *you* love me if you were free?"

"Yes," she said. "Good-by. Yes" . . .

She disappeared.

He stood there, straight, pale, lighted like a candle. His eyes, his face, his whole being shone with the magnificent reflection of the woman.

Thenceforth he would be adorned as with an incalculable treasure, as with a talisman which would give him courage and the strength to meet life and happiness.

Mary had slipped through the corridor of her hotel and buried herself in the little room which she had hired for the day. In the morning she would go far, far away. She must never see her brother again. For his sake she had preferred to be, not a real sister, but the phantom of a real woman. And she wept tears of mingled joy and sadness.

The New Emancipation of the Negro

By BERTHA WALLERSTEIN

TIME was when the Negro question in the United States was purely a matter of justice and humanity. Yet that plea has done little for the Negro. Even the Great Emancipator freed the slaves as a war measure—not out of abstract justice, however keenly he himself may have felt its force. History is repeating itself. In 1923, as in 1863, there is hope of a second emancipation of the black race, not because the white race has suddenly become converted to the doctrines set forth in the Sermon on the Mount or the Declaration of Independence, but because it is again a matter of expediency. For the Negro question is now an industrial question. It concerns the white man just as much as the black. The colored people are entering industry. They are leaving the agricultural South for the industrial North. The process was described by W. E. B. DuBois in *The Nation* of May 9, 1923. From 1910 to 1920 the Negro population of New York doubled. That of Chicago, Cincinnati, Detroit, and Pittsburgh more than doubled. Employment bureaus report that thousands of Negroes have been placed in industry in Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago, and the steel towns of Ohio. Needle trades unions report an enormous increase in Negro workers in their trades since the beginning of the war. The Department of Labor states that Negroes are being drawn North into the iron and steel, meat-packing, glass, food, and transportation industries. Its study of 273 manufacturing firms employing Negro labor shows an increase of 42.6 per cent in the number of Negroes on the payrolls in a single year (April, 1922, to April, 1923). The increase is greatest in the North, yet it is considerable even in border States like Kentucky and Maryland. More than one-third of the Negroes in Ohio plants studied, and more than one-fifth in the Pennsylvania plants, had come North during the previous year. As these are the great steel States, we may conclude that Mr. Gary has found in Negro labor a substitute for the immigrant labor whose lack he deplores.

When a new group of workers enters industry in large numbers, it is up to employers on the one hand and to organized labor on the other, to win the loyalty of the new workers. Is colored labor going to swell the ranks of union membership and increase union strength? Or is it going to help open-shop employers to defeat organized labor? If the white workers are to enlist the new body of Negro workers, there must be no more prejudice and discrimination. White workers must see their common interest with black, and must make it their business to convince the latter of that common interest. In this way equality for the Negro is a necessary war measure for white labor.

On the other hand, if the employer is to win over the Negro worker, his problem is far simpler. He has only to treat him with the courtesy and consideration of one human being for another. The Negro immigrant from the South, accustomed to make way on the street for the white man, to ride in Jim Crow cars, and to suffer a thousand other daily reminders of inferiority, is easily flattered by an appearance of equality. It has worked with white labor: it will work even better with the Negro. It is probable that nothing has done so much to prevent organization of American labor as the democratic doctrine that the worker is just as good as the boss—that he has the same chance to climb to the top. If this is true of the white workers, how much is it truer of the colored workers, to whom equality with any white man is a new sensation. How much easier to win the Negro's loyalty by giving him an

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equal chance in industry, by organizing a little welfare work for him, by convincing him that his boss is his friend.

The colored worker often finds that his boss is the first white man who has ever treated him as an equal. He is loyal to his employer. In a recent strike in a plant employing colored and white workers, the colored workers elected a committee to inform the employer that they would stand by him because he had been so square to them, and that they could give him useful information about applicants for the strikers' jobs, telling which of them were likely to "make trouble," and which were loyal workers. Yes, it pays the employer to be "square" to the colored worker.

Just now it is especially to the interest of both sides to give the Negro worker equality. For we are on the crest of an industrial boom. Labor is in demand. Organized labor has an excellent chance to make favorable agreements, and to win new members to its ranks. The union is in a position to convince the timid worker that it can do something to further his interest. And the worker need not fear to lose his job by joining the union. At the same time, employers are trying to maintain the open shop in spite of their need of labor. They are clamoring for a revision of the immigration laws, that they may have a large supply of unorganized labor. The Negro migration into Northern industries promises to supply their needs. In many industries it has already done so. The steel industry, for instance, which has wailed the loudest about labor shortage, is absorbing a larger supply of Negro labor than any other.

The Negro worker is the strategic trench in the struggle between employer and worker. Which will capture him? It seems safe to predict that it will be the one which first sheds prejudice and discrimination. This fact is perhaps more obvious to the employer than to the unions. But even though he realizes his need and sends agents to the South, to represent to dissatisfied Negro farmers the advantages of working in Northern mills and factories, he has not entirely abolished industrial discrimination. The Negro has not been employed on skilled work in large numbers, except in the foundries. But in that industry, as elsewhere, he has proved his ability to do the skilled job as well as a white man. One of the first shipyard gangs during the war to win a prize for rapid work at pile driving was a colored gang. In general, the opinion of employers is that colored workers have made good and there is every reason to expect that in time they will have an equal chance with white men to do skilled work.

Discrimination in wages is hard to determine. Negro leaders and Negro organizations hold that members of their race get lower wages than white workers for the same work. The most extensive study of Negroes in industry, made by the Department of Labor, indicates that wages of white and colored workers vary more or less equally, if all industries are averaged. On the other hand, studies of colored women workers show that they are earning less than white women, although it is hard to say how far this is due to a lower grade of skill and speed on the part of the colored women.

It is much easier to determine how far the unions give an equal chance to colored workers in their respective trades. Certainly there is a great deal of discrimination. The ordinary union worker has not learned that he must win the colored man, if only to safeguard his own union and his own pay envelope. It is reported that in 1919 two thousand white workers in Richmond, Virginia, withdrew from the State Federation of Labor because its convention seated a Negro delegate. But besides the general prejudice, the white worker has a special conviction that colored men are strike-breakers. Negroes helped to break the steel strike of 1919-1920—due perhaps to a failure on the part of the organized workers to win them over. They broke the Chicago stockyard strike of 1904. They were accused of breaking that of 1919, and the belief that they did so led to race riots, but the charge was probably unjust, for there were many Negro strikers and union members. They "scabbed" on the workers of East St. Louis in 1917, and the result was a horrible race riot. But there have also been instances when Negroes have fought side by side with white men. They have even come out in support of white strikers when the union excluded Negroes. It is certainly unfair to label colored workers, as a class, as strike-breakers. As the *Messenger*, a Negro journal, puts it: "White workers cannot lynch Negro workers, debar them from joining their unions, and expect them to show the spirit of cooperation when white workers are sore pressed by the brutal hand of capital."

Labor is waking up to the fact that, when the Negro is a strike-breaker, it is usually the white man's fault. The issue came up at the 1919 convention of the American Federation of Labor, and was met with a resolution to give full and equal membership rights to colored workers. There was only one vote against the resolution, cast by the Railway Postal Clerks.

But the Negroes have learned how little avail mere resolutions. Each international union of the American Federation of Labor has complete self-government, and the Federation itself can impose no restriction upon individual unions in regard to membership or regulations. A number of unions still exclude Negroes, and a dozen A. F. of L. resolutions will not change their policy. But the Federation may issue a separate charter to colored workers who are excluded by the white union, with the consent of that union. There are 488 colored locals in the A. F. of L. under separate charters. On the other hand, there have been cases where the white union has refused to allow the Federation to issue a separate charter, and has then turned round and blamed Negro workers, excluded from the union, for undercutting union rates! A number of powerful international unions have nothing in their constitutions to exclude colored workers, but nevertheless do so as a matter of unwritten law. Still others leave it to the jurisdiction of the locals, which often means that they are admitted in the North, but excluded in the South. The Brotherhood of Railway Carmen admits colored members to separate locals under the jurisdiction of the nearest white local, but they must be represented at conventions by white men.

There are numerous unions in the American Federation of Labor which admit colored workers on absolutely equal terms, and which make a special effort to organize them. These include some of the largest and most powerful unions. The United Mine Workers has thousands of colored members. The International Longshoremen's Association counted eighty colored delegates at its 1921 convention. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union has been successful in organizing colored women, and sometimes a colored girl is shop chairman in this union in a shop where whites are in the majority. The New York Waist and Dress Makers first encountered the colored problem in the big 1919 strike, when the strikers' places were filled by Negro

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girls. Instead of denouncing them as "scabs" and letting it end there, the union went to work to organize them, until nearly all came out with the white workers and helped to win the strike and share the fruits of victory. They have been faithful members ever since.

Outside the Federation of Labor as within, the policy varies among the different unions. The four Railroad Brotherhoods exclude Negroes openly. On the other hand, both the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the Industrial Workers of the World have made an effort to organize them.

I recently wrote to various unions asking them about their Negro policy, and whether they found Negroes difficult to organize. Sixteen replies to the second question were from unions in trades which have an appreciable number of Negro workers and in which Negroes are admitted to the union. Of these, nine found Negroes quite as responsive to unionism as white workers, including the International Ladies Garment Workers and the United Mine Workers. Both of these industries have large numbers of Negro workers. Of the remaining seven, only two state without qualification that the Negro is difficult to organize. The other five give reasons for the situation. Some say that the Negro is employed for the most part in unskilled trades. Others say that he is difficult to organize but makes a good member once he has joined. One blames the difficulty on the prejudice of the white workers. The reply of the Molders' Union is especially interesting because the foundries are among the industries most affected by the northward migration of Negroes, and this is the only industry in which they are employed to a great extent on skilled jobs. Apparently the molders have found Southern Negroes difficult to organize, and have met the same problem in the North in recent years when Southern Negroes have been flocking to Northern foundries. The union reports that the Negroes are good members in thoroughly organized foundries, but drop out quickly in the "open shops." Another difficulty is the lack of Negro leadership—other unions, too, have complained of this—but the molders believe time will cure that difficulty, "for many of them possess the necessary intelligence, and the shortcomings which I have mentioned are probably due to lack of experience more than to anything else."

Generally speaking, the difficulty of organizing Negroes appears to be temporary. With the gradual disappearance of race prejudice and the further education of the Negro through equal opportunities with white men, these difficulties ought to disappear. Unions may expect to suffer from Negro "scabbing" and undercutting just so long as they maintain prejudice and discrimination. And this means prejudice and discrimination of the individual workers in their everyday contact with Negroes just as much as exclusion in union policy. A mere negative equality, a mere razing of the barriers of exclusion, will not do the work. There must be a definite bond, woven of the strands of the common interests of black and white workers. "Our International Union realizes," writes one union secretary, "that if men of different color can work together in the shop, and be jointly exploited by the employer, they also ought to have sense enough to jointly act together in resisting these attempts of exploitation on the part of the employer." This is the spirit of the second emancipation proclamation for the Negro, which the rank and file of white workers must issue as a war measure in their struggle to maintain wages and the power of their unions.

London's Dockland

By AN ONLOOKER

Since this was written the strikers have returned to work at the lower wages which caused their protest.

THE other day I took one of our leading women artists to see a corner of old London that I thought would interest her. We stood at the entrance to a lane flanked on either side by huge walls of dull brick sixty feet high and looked up at the immense windowless warehouses rising behind and above the walls. "It is like the gateway into some part of Dante's Inferno," she said after a pause.

There is something peculiarly sinister in these monster buildings, something terribly impersonal, something typical of our hard industrial age. It would not surprise me to see written over the gates that give admission to the docks within "Abandon hope all you that enter here."

Nor is the interest lessened by the fact that, close at hand, stands that huddle of fortress, barrack, and prison, with their inclosing moat and unclimbable granite wall, known as the Tower of London. Here princes have languished and died, and many a noble heart has pined away. The grimness of the Middle Ages here faces the grimness of the twentieth century.

This is the battleground of the conflict now going on between the Port of London Authority and the dockers. On the one hand the men are said to have broken the agreement binding them to accept reductions in wages in accordance with the fall in the cost of living. On the other hand, the men assert that no such fall has taken place and that further reduction means starvation.

Tower Hill has been a battleground for such conflicts for many a year. An old man with snow white goatee and wrinkled face—a typical waterman whose father and father's father had been Thames watermen before him—told me of the strike of 1885, his bed-ridden wife nodding approval. In that strike he was obliged to sell most of his furniture to buy food. "We've never been the same since," he says, "we've never picked up." Those were the times when processions of starving men marched through London and were batoned into silence in Trafalgar Square, John Burns and others being imprisoned for disorderly conduct. It was then, I think, that labor questions first took hold of the imagination of the middle class and the complacency of the Victorian age was first seriously challenged by the workers. It will be remembered that it was at that time that Cardinal Manning earned the undying gratitude of the dockers by offering to arbitrate and succeeding in securing a substantial rise for the men.

Of more recent date—1912 to be exact—was the fight against Lord Devonport, chairman of the Port of London Authority, when the dockers, under Ben Tillett, fought with a determination and ferocity I have never seen equaled. There was something epic in that terrible struggle. Passion, on the men's side, reached murderous limits. I remember hearing Ben Tillett, the eagle-faced man with a voice vibrant with lava-like feeling, speak from the wall overlooking Tower Hill. "May God Almighty strike Lord Devonport dead! Amen!" A thousand dockers echoed that Amen. But Lord Devonport lives to carry on the fight, and Ben, today, is supporting him.

The work of the London docker is not only badly paid;

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from the nature of the case it is casual labor. Formerly one could watch in early morning long queues of men waiting to be picked at the dock gates. The sight was one of the most pathetic I have seen as the rejected turned away. Today that feature of the industrial struggle is minimized. The men have been placed in different categories. A section are permanently employed. Then comes a second class which may look for work somewhat less frequently. Last of all are the casuals who, though in possession of the ticket enabling them to accept employment, are only employed when there is an abundance of work.

The men are standing about today in groups, hands in pockets, resolute, grim like the buildings they work amongst. "They seems to think we can get fat by looking at other people's food," said one—these men handle thousands of tons of foodstuffs from overseas—"but they're mistaken. We've got our backs to the wall this time, for it's victory or starvation." A large number of these workers are ex-service men, as you realize when you see them march in procession, and they know what hardship is. "We fought for the —— Empire," said one of the leaders today, "and now by —— we'll fight for ourselves." This is a soldiers' battle. The trade union officials are with the bosses this time.

On the other side there is determination too. Look at that big building, mounting up, pyramid-like—block upon block of sheer masonry—just weight and strength and firm clear outline! That is the new Port of London Authority's building, opened by Mr. Lloyd George a few days after his resignation. It dominates the scene, overlooking the little plot of grass where the headsman's block stood in former days. Well-dressed city men come and go through that marble vestibule. The men who sit in conclave there say that the dockers are breaking their agreement, ignoring their own trade union officials, holding up the shipping and food supply of London for the sake of a quibble. They are not sentimental gentlemen, these. They look at facts. They quote prices and terms of agreement. They are firm, precise, lawyer-like. They know their business. Sentimentalists do not build a pyramidal colossus like that.

The real battle lies back from the Tower and warehouses in the tenement buildings whose square outlines cut deep into the dingy London sky. It is there that the women and children swarm and chatter while the men are out in the streets. That is where the "public opinion" is fashioned which tells most with the strikers. And it is there, too, that the actualities of the struggle are felt. "I was up at five this morning," said one of these women to me, "washing clothes for the children to go to school in." She was nursing a three-weeks-old baby as she spoke. Some of these women tell the men that they are fools. These rooms with their little bits of broken furniture are dear to them, and a strike always brings the fear that they may lose them. They will make almost any sacrifice to prevent that. The bosses' great asset is the Englishman's love of his home. It is probable that in the end the men will be beaten and will go back to work at the reduced terms offered by the bosses. The cries of the women and children will be their undoing.

Progress? Look at that Tower with its embattlements, the slits in its prison walls! Recall its bloody records. And then look at the dock walls guarding the treasures of London's commerce and those prison-like tenements where, these hot summer days, the children play on the hot asphalt! Progress? Yes, perhaps!

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is not one to purchase clothing in large quantities or at frequent intervals. Yet at some time or other he must have been guilty of buying a new suit, or perhaps his old one has become more conspicuous than he realized, for he has just received a tailor's announcement that for a while threatened to change the course of his life. Beginning with Shakespeare's celebrated remark about the apparel oft proclaiming the man, this little book shows by simple pictures that any child could understand just what advantages accrue to the man far-seeing enough to buy X—— Tailored Clothes. On page after page appears first the ill-dressed, shabby, sour-looking individual who is not wearing X—— Tailored Clothes, and then the unwrinkled, bland, composed creature with the perfectly fitting X—— Tailored Suit worn over his Grecian form. Bell-boys in hotels rush up to him, stenographers stop chewing their gum and hasten to take his dictation, young lady ushers in the theater light his way with a deferential torch when he comes in late—as so important a man inevitably must—and in the shoe store where he is a clerk the most beautiful and delectable customers flock to him for their size three-and-a-half dancing slippers.

* * * * *

IT is hardly necessary for the Drifter to add that the picture on the opposite page shows a sadder story. Almost with tears did he view the poor, ill-fitted young man finding his own seat, carrying his own luggage, unable to gain the waiter's attention at table, unable to convince the jury or to keep the judge from yawning while he pleads a case. And nothing in the world but X—— Tailored Clothes between him and success! At first the Drifter determined that his life-work from now on should be to go out and preach this simple doctrine of greatness. Surely here was an unprecedented chance to do some good in the world, for one who up to now had not been too conspicuous in that line. His first misgiving smote the Drifter when it occurred to him that possibly none of the unsuccessful could be saved by him in his present attire. Was it not unlikely that he could command attention wearing the same suit he had worn for the last five years, which had not been pressed for longer than he cared to remember? Was it possible that he would have to begin his campaign of education with himself? At that thought his ardor began to cool. After all, why should a stenographer stop chewing gum and listen to stupid letters beginning "Yours of the fifth inst. received, etc."? Why should ushers be allowed to poke torches in the eyes of persons who had had the courtesy to come early to the theater, for the sake of someone who had not? Why should not even a judge be allowed to yawn if he was bored?

* * * * *

AS soon as he had begun to reason in this wise the Drifter's zeal disappeared entirely. For his part he will not only never buy X—— Tailored Clothes, but he will not buy any clothes as long as his present ill-fitting, wrinkled, sagging, worn garments hold together. He does not care if beautiful young ladies on the sidewalk ignore him; if he ever became clerk in a shoe store he would not care if only wriggling little boys came to be fitted for shoes. A man must show some spirit in these matters. From now

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on, with such reservations as his age and sex demand, his motto will be that of the young persons in Somerset, Pennsylvania, who, when their parents objected to the dress and decorum of the modern flapper, replied in the following immortal verse:

I can show my shoulders,
I can show my knees;
I'm a free-born American
And can wear what I please.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.

Who Would Not Take a Chance?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: When I think of Coolidge I begin dimly to realize why grown-up men buy oil stock, women consult clairvoyants, and girls get married. Who would not take a chance? The Goddess of Fortune is evidently deaf, dumb, and blind, and should be made a ward of a chancery court for her latest outbreak.

San Diego, California, August 13 R. W. M.

Sinclair Lewis Also Nods

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Sinclair Lewis's story The Hack Driver in this week's *Nation* is very entertaining and edifying. As a member of the legal profession I especially appreciate the realistic description of the narrator's aspirations and ambitions as he was graduated from law school and the severe shock he received upon his first employment in a law office. The author shows an intimate knowledge of the workings of law offices and the psychology of lawyers and their clerks.

But it is no surprise that the Supreme Court justice, when he was only a law clerk, was so easily hoodwinked by Oliver Lutkins. The learned judge does not, even today, know that a witness is not brought into court by the service of a summons upon him. He says: "I rejoiced one day when they sent me . . . to serve a summons on one Oliver Lutkins . . . we needed him as a witness." Now, "the magnificent law firm of Hodgins, Hodgins, Berkman and Taupe" never gave our hero a summons on this occasion. His Honor ought to know that it is our practice, as lawyers, to bring a witness into court by service upon him of a subpoena and not a summons. This is elementary and any clerk that did not know it would and should be fired.

Small wonder that Mr. Lewis does not disclose this Supreme Court justice's name.

New York, August 27 ELI KRIGER

A Deportation Scandal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Rev. R. G. Barrow is a Negro minister of the A. M. E. Church who was born in the Island of Barbados but had been resident in St. Croix (Virgin Islands) long enough to have built up a large and flourishing church. He associated himself with the labor movement which had developed under the leadership of D. Hamilton Jackson, and helped in the heroic struggle of the black working people for manhood rights and better economic conditions. His work on their behalf drew the ire of former Governor Kittelle and George Washington Williams, who, unlike his historic namesake, delights in a plurality of offices, being at the same time Government's attorney, magistrate, a member of the Board of Pardons and Parole, and holder of other offices too numerous to mention. Precisely what violation of law Mr. Barrow was guilty of has never been indicated by the naval autocrats. He was *persona non grata* to them, and that was sufficient.

No attempt was made on the part of officialdom to invoke the civil courts. Deportation was planned, to go into effect on September 9, last. But for some reason it was not attempted until the 14th, when Jackson, the union leader and an able lawyer, was on the high seas on his way to the United States. There was some bungling of plans, however, and on the 16th it was necessary to telegraph the Navy Department in Washington to "speed it up" by way of the Provost Marshal's Court, notwithstanding the fact that this recourse is only justified in cases of military occupation. No charges had been filed in Washington, and up to the time of Mr. Barrow's deportation there was no record of the case in the files of the Navy Department.

Just the same he was torn (without even the formality of a trial) from his wife and children and congregation and hustled aboard a ship. Seeing there was no justice to be had in the island, he eventually came to the United States, where he was followed by the kind ministrations of the naval autocrats, who sought to get him deported from the mainland also. But in the meanwhile the Virgin Islands' Congressional Council was able through legal channels to present the facts to James Davis, Secretary of Labor, who has jurisdiction over deportation cases in the United States. The Secretary decided that Mr. Barrow might remain in the United States pending further developments. Secretary Davis, as revealed by this act, represents the highest type of American official life.

This Barrow case goes far to explain why the people of the Virgin Islands are clamoring for the abolition of government by the Navy Department—a thing hitherto unheard of in American colonial practice—and the speedy substitution by Congress of a civil government in which due process of the law will be available for everyone.

CASPER HOLSTEIN,
President, Virgin Islands Congressional Council

New York, July 20

Josephus Visits Boulder

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I just thought I'd write and tell you that Josephus Daniels, who used to be Secretary of the Navy, was here last night—here in Boulder, Colorado, I mean. He spoke at our Chautauqua night before last, and last night our Democratic League had a dinner for him at our Country Club—two miles out. We had a lovely dinner and lots of singing. Our song leader used to be a Y. M. C. A. secretary and he is as witty as can be. He always says: "Come on with the agony, everybody," and we all laugh.

We sang a song about Josephus, too. Our song leader wrote it and I am going to send it to Mr. Denby to be used in the singing classes in the navy. It goes like this:

What's the matter with Daniels?
He's all right.
What's the matter with Daniels?
He's all right.
A sterling Democrat through and through;
We vote him true and Navy Blue.
What's the matter with Daniels?
He's all right.

Then Mr. Daniels spoke to us. He spoke to us about the Democratic Party. I don't remember all of the speech—I wish I did—but it went like this: "The party of Jefferson, Jackson, and Wilson . . . party of the thinking and the suffering . . . Republican party spoiled the peace . . . there is no peace . . . the party of special privilege and plutocracy . . . in 1924 . . . people will rise up in wrath . . . they demand we take . . .

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forward looking . . . progress . . . crying for us . . . God helping . . . will not fail."

That's the way it goes. It was fine. The county sheriff was there and he led the applause and looked around and everybody clapped as loud as they could. Two glasses were broken. Then we all shook hands with Mr. Daniels. He's very democratic. I was in the army and I kind of thought he'd say something about the peace of Versailles, but I guess he forgot. But a lovely time was had by all of us. I think he will leave here tomorrow. I just thought you'd like this for your paper.

Boulder, Colorado, July 10 AN EX-PRIVATE

P. S. I forgot to say that some nice girls called the Sorority Singers are on the same program with Mr. Daniels. I asked the manager about the Swiss Bell Ringers and the Educated Horse, and he said that they would be here later and for me to be sure and come, and I sure will.

North Dakota

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time since I dropped *The Nation* with deep regret, but your article on North Dakota reconciles me to its loss.

The "Industrial Program" of the Nonpartisan League, while no panacea, was the assemblage of well-tried and helpful economic and political measures that had proved their worth. The trouble was that they trod on too many financial toes and interfered with transmission of state funds into the pockets of the ramifications of "Big Business." Minnesota was only the "little boy" of the consolidated interests of Wall Street.

The economic prairie fire started in North Dakota had the possibilities of a conflagration, while the little sparklets from Maine to California had been wet-blanketed and ignored. The lying propaganda of "disloyalty" was worked for all it was worth and the leader of the movement was jailed in Minnesota.

Minnesota now comes back with an indorsement of the principles to the tune of 100,000 majority, while South Dakota invests in a state-owned coal mine in North Dakota and now challenges the Standard Oil Trust on prices of gasoline, even as Governor Frazier stopped *at once* the coal strike by taking over the mines and placing them in the hands of the miners to run and found the confidence not misplaced. The article on North Dakota in *The Nation* can go down in history by the side of The North Dakota Idea in the *Atlantic Monthly* a few years ago that placed the bustling little city of Fargo some little distance back from the Red River. The article will further discredit the capability of those who have since the beginnings of time assumed they are the only ones capable of ruling the earth.

St. Paul, Minnesota, August 14 JOEL HENRY GREENE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Among other remarkable items of information (?) given to the world by Robert George Paterson in *The Nation* for August 8 I find the following: "Later, in the effort to rid itself of Nonpartisan rule, it established another disconcerting precedent as the first State to recall its governor—the inoffensive Nonpartisan figurehead, Frazier—whom it subsequently elected to the Senate in place of the veteran conservative, McCumber." The idea of the Senator's character that is sought to be conveyed is absolutely false, as his enemies, open or otherwise, who have dealt with him on that basis have good cause to know. A fairer-minded or more just man never lived, yet he can be iron through and through when the occasion demands it. It is these qualities and his inherent honesty, his strength as a man, that have made the farmers and workers stick by him when all the combined power of the National Republican and National Democratic machines were thrown against him under orders of what we Southerners and Westerners call "Wall Street," which we are well aware does not inhabit New York City only.

New Orleans, August 7 COVINGTON HALL

The German Dye Patents

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is not surprising to me that your keen sense of justice should have led you to condemn the seizure of the German chemical patents by the Wilson Administration. As a dyestuffs chemist who has been helping to nurse our infant industry these last seven or eight years I sympathize thoroughly with your point of view as expressed in your editorial Are We Americans Thieves? Yet, for the sake of truth, you should correct certain erroneous statements which you made in that article; there are enough facts to support your case—why resort to misstatements? You say that the German dye patents have become quickly Americanized and point to the bulk of dyestuff business done in this country last year to prove your assertion. Permit me to inform you that very little of that business depended on the seizure of the German patents, which affect only the manufacture of newer products made in Germany only just before the war.

The greater part of the dyes manufactured in this country today have been known for a comparatively long time, and the "secret" of their manufacture has long since passed into our general chemical knowledge. In fact, one of the chief reasons for the inferiority of our dyestuffs—as manifest in one's daily experience with dyed goods—lies in the fact that, while in Germany they have been superseded by others of later origin, we have our hands full with perfecting the process of manufacture of the older ones. S. B. J.

Boston, August 11

Pessimistic Journalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What am I to make of this? Here I have been told for years that *The Nation* had a monopoly on pessimism in American journalism (though I have never been able to see it myself); and this is what I find on the cover of *Current History* for August:

THE DECADENT TENDENCY IN FICTION
WOMAN'S NEW PLACE IN THE WORLD
OUR NATION IMPERILED BY THE WETS
DIVORCE THREATENING OUR FAMILY LIFE
WORLD CIVILIZATION ON THE DECLINE

New York, August 23 B. L.

Old Magazines in Demand

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Several weeks ago you printed my letter regarding magazines. May I now ask more of your space to thank you for a very interesting experience and to say a word to those who have written me in connection with my offer.

Before the copy of *The Nation* in question reached me I received a number of letters, and up to this time have received probably two or three hundred from all parts of the United States, and from Mexico, Germany, Ireland, and other countries. It was stimulating to note that the preference for solid and worth-while reading matter was practically unanimous. This, however, had the effect of exhausting my supply of that class of reading matter rather quickly, much to my regret. I have the letters before me and shall forward what I can as fast as I get them.

In the meantime, I have been wondering whether there are others who have reading matter they would care to dispose of along similar lines. If so, and they will let me know, I shall be glad to send them a list of those from whom I have received letters, stating preferences mentioned. Many of the requests were for reading matter to be sent to Germany, where, apparently, conditions are distressing and becoming worse.

Shiner, Texas, August 14 HARTLEY H. HEPLER

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Books

The Press and Its Problems

The Newspaper and The Historian. By Lucy Maynard Salmon. Oxford University Press, American Branch. $7.50.
The Young Man and Journalism. By Chester S. Lord. Macmillan Company. $2.
The Community Newspaper. By Emerson P. Harris and Florrence Harris Hooke. D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.
The Country Newspaper. By Millard Van Marter Atwood. A. C. McClurg and Company. $1.

INTEREST in the daily press does not decrease commensurably with the public loss of faith in the daily because of its rapid decadence under the stress of modern competition and its debasement by officialdom during the World War. On the contrary, there is a rising flood of books about what those who are part of it believe to be the most fascinating and, in its possibilities, the noblest of professions. This is as it should be. We need not only prescriptions for this grievously ill patient, but analyses of the symptoms and studies of the sufferer's pre-clinical history. The quicker we can concentrate public attention upon press evils the sooner may we expect to find the way out. Hence the appearance of new books dealing with various phases of the problem of the press is welcome.

Particularly is this true of Professor Salmon's remarkable book with its somewhat misleading title, "The Newspaper and The Historian." That designation will, it is to be feared, frighten off not only lay readers, but members of the profession itself, suggesting as it does a dry-as-dust philosophical discourse. On the contrary, Professor Salmon has brought together an amazing mass of information, obviously the result of years of research, which, despite the fact that the press has been handled from its esoteric side, makes of the volume an encyclopedia indispensable to every student of the subject. Here are chapters on the use of the periodical as a historical source, but also others on the development of the newspaper, the daily journal as a personality, the press in its relation to other social activities, the news collecting and news distributing organizations, the special correspondent, the war correspondent, the general correspondent, the interview, the editor and the editorial, etc., etc. Under these and other heads Professor Salmon's industry has compiled facts, opinions, judgments, and experiences of immense value, and this is to be followed by a companion volume "The Newspaper and Authority"—a subject never so tempting as today.

Where so much matter is thrown together as the result of laborious research there are inevitably certain dangers to be overcome in the presentation thereof, and these Professor Salmon has not altogether escaped. One regrets the continual subordination of the author's own views; one loses at times a realization of the author's purpose because of the mass of material. Indeed, one wonders occasionally whether the author has at all times been clear as to the exact field that she meant to cover, and there is also a certain lack of continuity, a jumping from the present to the past and back again, which is somewhat disconcerting, but that diminishes but little the value of the whole. Nor does it tarnish the admirably judicial tone of the work.

It is noteworthy that this detached observer takes a much more favorable view of the press as an historical source than would some of us in the profession. Her conclusions are summarized thus:

> With all its limitations, its inaccuracies, its unworthy representatives, its lack of proportion, its many temptations—not always resisted—to throw prismatic colors inside of a white light of truth on its accounts of the day, the periodical press still remains the most important single source the historian has at his command for the reconstruction of the life of the past three centuries.

This makes us regret that Professor Salmon has not given us as clear-cut a contrast of the value to the historian of the press of 1923 with that of 1858. To our mind there is little comparison, so superior was the reporting of the earlier journalists to that of today, so free from news coloring and partisan bias. Finally, it is but just to point out that Professor Salmon's studies of the news-gathering agencies is by no means complete or exhaustive. That was not her purpose, since her object has been to illustrate her thesis as to the value of the press to the historian. None the less, as has been stated, she has created a reference book of permanent value replete with facts and opinions.

Chester S. Lord's book, "The Young Man in Journalism," comes from one of the best beloved of New York's newspaper men, who was for decades the brilliant managing editor of the *Sun* of Charles A. Dana. As such he profoundly influenced the lives of many young men who came under his control and began their newspaper careers under his guidance. In those days the *Sun* was the best school for reporters in the country; no school of journalism had more to offer in the technique of journalism, though the ethical tone of the office under Mr. Dana's leadership was often far from what it should have been. Out of his vast experience, Mr. Lord has written a useful little book, full of interesting anecdotes and intended to be a *vade mecum* for the would-be reporter and also for whoever may be interested in the mechanics of journalism. Beyond that Mr. Lord touches upon the opportunity of the village newspaper, the daily newspaper in the small city, the rewards of journalism, and similar topics.

One chapter adds no luster to the book or to the profession. In speaking of the influence of newspapers he declares that "newspaper influence had perhaps its finest recognition in the various propaganda of the war. All governments used the press lavishly with intent to guide, to conceal, to accomplish. They 'felt the pulse of the people' constantly and subtly. Proposed policies were tested. Often they were suggested to divert attack from the real policy or to take the sting from it." Mr. Lord either fails to appreciate what this degradation meant to the press of the world, or he glories in its shame. That the free press of the world should have been so prostituted ought to cause every newspaper man to hang his head, for never in the history of journalism has it been so debased. At no other period has it printed such a mass of lies as during and since the war, with the result that it has lost prestige and standing with the masses, who no longer have any faith whatever in the statements of the conventional daily.

Let us contrast two recent statements with those of Mr. Lord. Here is David Lawrence, the widely-read Washington correspondent who has just returned from Europe, declaring of the foreign papers that "in all countries they have ceased to influence public opinion. The power which they formerly possessed has gone, as a result of having been influenced by government pressure, by industrial and financial interests, or by proprietors who are themselves part and parcel of those interests."

And here is C. E. Montague, the brilliant English writer who served so long at the front, giving a whole chapter in his book "Disenchantment" to the utter loss of faith in the press of the millions of men in the British Army:

> They felt they had found the press out. The most bloody defeat in the history of Britain, a very world's wonder of valour frustrated by reckless misuse, of regimental glory and staff shame, might occur on the Ancre on July 1, 1916, and our press come out bland and copious and graphic, with nothing to show that we had not quite a good day—a victory really. Men who had lived through the massacre read the stuff open-mouthed. Anything, then, could figure as anything else in the press—as its own opposite even. Black was only an aspect of white. With a grin at the way he must have been taken in up to now, the fighting soldier gave the press up. So it comes that each of several million ex-soldiers now reads every solemn appeal of a government, each beautiful speech of a premier, or earnest assurance of a body of employers with

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that maxim on guard in his mind: "You can't believe a word you read."

As one lays down this interesting book with complete disappointment at the lack of any reference to ethical responsibilities and the moral duties of the press, so "The Community Newspaper," by Emerson P. Harris and his daughter, leaves one with a feeling that it has been constructed to aid, inform, and instruct newspaper Babbitts. It is merely a guide book for the country or small city publisher, as to how he can work the community successfully for more advertising and play upon the community spirit for all that there is in it, for himself and his paper. There are several dissertations, for instance, as to how to develop church advertising. The local editor is told that he must stand ready "to further the interest of local government, churches, schools, hospitals, libraries, art museums, lodges, clubs, and all sorts of organizations and activities which make for the fullest life of the town." We are told also what the attitude of the paper should be towards local industries and employers, and that nothing is so necessary as "a constant stream of trustworthy intelligence." But nowhere do we find any intimation that the press might and should be a reforming agency; that it has an ethical duty to the community; that its chief function is to lead, and to lead toward the new and progressive and the better. A newspaper may print reams of trustworthy news about the chamber of commerce and the First Presbyterian Church and the Elks club, and yet have almost no justification for existence. Any conception of a newspaper which makes of it merely a local organ for the booming of local interest is neither stimulating nor elevating.

More attractive is Professor Atwood's little volume on "The Country Newspaper." This is an attempt to assay the value of the country newspaper, and it has many valuable suggestions and facts, but very little criticism—nothing to inform the student, for instance, how largely the rural press has depended upon government pap, upon crooked party favors, and election advertising, which in New York State has done more to degrade the rural press than any other agency. Professor Atwood brings out the fact that the number of real country weeklies in New York dropped 11.2 per cent between 1905 and 1920. From 1915 to 1920 the number of villages having two weeklies was reduced by 8 per cent and the number with three weeklies by 57 per cent. But, on the whole, the note is an encouraging one, though Professor Atwood finds that young men are not being attracted to the country weekly field. Still he feels that if editor and community would work together the future of the local paper would be bright. The rural editor must, however, realize that the old type of paper is outworn, that there must be greater service to the community in the best sense and a much wider range of interest, and far greater intelligence displayed in the editing. The rural public is eager for good papers and there are plenty of examples where they have responded to an intellectual stimulus. But there must be real leadership and not merely "his master's voice," the editor's master being far too often the dispenser of political office or of printing patronage.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

The Dance of Life

The Nuptial Flight. By Edgar Lee Masters. Boni and Liveright. $2.

THIS book is Mr. Masters's most considerable performance since the "Spoon River Anthology" and places him, in that shabby but useful phrase, in the front rank of American novelists. It is a work as deep, as rich, as concrete as that Illinois soil which Mr. Masters's pioneers went forth to till; it is informed throughout by a philosophical vision wrought out by experience rather than by thought; it is not felicitously written in detail—style, in the narrower sense, does not mark our fiction—but the narrative has a rude, quiet vigor, a patriarchal breadth and solidity that bring home both the tale and its inherent moral to heart and mind.

Mr. Masters tells the story of three generations. Through these he presents a continuous picture of the varying phases of American civilization. But that is by the way. He does not seek to explain the fates of his characters by their historical or sociological background. He is satisfied, where all explanations are doubtful, with the fact of simultaneousness. His chief business is with the personal problems of his people and with a vision which comes to him from the recurrence of these problems and struggles in each generation.

What his vision sees is love as an expression of the total human personality, no isolated instinct amid others that can flourish while it is unsatisfied or warped. When man has satisfied hunger and sheltered his body from the winds, love remains—love that is not only procreation but creation, that is the source of contentment, beauty, aspiration, art. But love does not, unhappily, like the satisfaction of hunger, come to all. A universal need, it is as rare in its full and harmonious fruition as beauty or genius. All are inevitably called to its service, pitifully few are chosen. That and that alone is the pervasive tragedy of human life. Unjust law and intolerant custom sharpen this tragedy and vex souls that might recover and retrieve. But the tragic fact itself is inherent and unalterable.

Such is the inner meaning and trend of Mr. Masters's story. But he is very chary of comment and explanation. He lets his characters and their relations to each other unfold both the tale and its meaning. He centers attention upon three couples of three generations—William and Nancy Houghton, Walter Scott Houghton and Fanny, Alfred Houghton and Ida. Very touching and beautiful is his picture of the first couple. Perhaps it was the pioneering life lived against the sky that made for so much sanity and harmony despite its material hardships. The disharmonies inseparable from a more complex civilization enter with the children of the pioneers. Walter Scott is a thoroughly problematic nature and the terrible Fanny Prentice escapes from the psychical cruelties of a Princeton parsonage to wreak upon Walter and herself the fury of her dissatisfactions, her stifled impulses, her wounded sensibilities in a blind and relentless dance of death. She is a superb portrait, felt by Mr. Masters beyond the point of analysis, apprehended and created with a knowledge of her that has become instinct. She wrings from him one of his rare moments of high verbal expressiveness in that description of her as "locked and glazed in great intensities, hatreds, passions of her own, in vast egoisms which prevented her knowing another soul."

In the third generation, no uncommon thing, an artist is born to the tribe. But Alfred the violinist and idealist derives his early experiences from Whitehall, Illinois. Repelled by the furtive animalisms and outer austerities that he sees he loses himself in a false and misinterpreted vision and lets the terrible Ida—old enough to be his mother—marry him. He is "betrayed by what is false within." Ida, whom Mr. Masters hates a little too bitterly, strips Alfred of life, means, freedom, health. Then she takes her stand on morality and legality, sets church, tribe, and police on his track, murders his love-life and almost himself. There is a concentrated power in Mr. Masters's treatment of this episode, a towering indignation thoroughly controlled that are truly memorable.

Other figures people the story. There is the beautiful and pathetic Elaine, seeking and wandering after love and beauty, the wise Evangeline, the amiable and womanly Sybil, Max Juul, the parasite and bounder, not quite so credible as the others, and the moral scavenger Scull. All these characters, major and minor, interact upon each other in a coherent and intelligible world which is, as every world created by art should be, an interpretative representation that clarifies and explains the welter of things seen by the common eye and thus liberates us from the obscurities and confusions of our mortal lot. Mr. Masters is a fine poet. But I, for one, hope that he will hereafter make the writing of novels his chief occupation.

L. L.

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Faust Again

The Pilgrimage of Festus. By Conrad Aiken. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

IN this most ambitious of all Mr. Aiken's poems music is still the medium through which the poet speaks and sees. Music, here as before, is more than an inspiration for his rhythm; it is the creator of his diction, the very source of his thought. Mr. Aiken has rendered "Faust" in terms of abstract harmony. For his Festus is a kind of Faust. "His pilgrimage is not real: it is imaginary. It is a cerebral adventure, of which the motive is a desire for knowledge." The search goes on through the familiar avenues of temporal power, philosophy, religion, self, and beauty, only to reach the conclusion that search is futile though good. So much for the theme. What sort of poem has Mr. Aiken made of it?

Merely as music it is superb. In his time Mr. Aiken has manipulated as many charming rhythms as any of his contemporaries, and he is at his best here. The harmonies that sweep from page to page are in themselves always fascinating, irrelevant though some of them may be to the idea in hand. Mr. Aiken's unit is an irregular paragraph, and upon this he has lavished his finest resources of cadence and rhyme.

Festus in starlight watched how the three great rivers,
Bearing perpetual stars on their breasts, roared down
To gorges and chasms and desolate plains
And jungles of death, and labyrinthine cities
Swept to pale harmonies by suns and rains;
And thought of the thousands of nights and days like music
Woven by him, and the roses of love and death
Fallen in petals in the darkness of his heart;
And he sent among them a breath
And set them blowing and trembling again, on graves,
On the stones of streets, by door and path and wall,
Whirled in the air from the boughs of swinging trees
To stream like stars on the wind and slowly fall
For the hands of children, the hair of women, the hearts of lovers,
The coffins waiting beneath the swinging trees,
And the myriad eyes that in his veins went to and fro
Seeking a dream forever and finding no ease.

If words meant nothing at all, Mr. Aiken would still seem to have said a good deal.

But words mean much, and poetry deals first and last with words. Mr. Aiken, perhaps because he is primarily a musician, often fails to make his words mean enough. They serve an alien master well, but they should serve no master. Occasionally a long passage is little more than a snowfall of lovely phrases that descend most beautifully yet never cover the ground. And Mr. Aiken is equally reckless, or equally vague, when it comes to images. One of the marks of a poet is that he examines his facts (or his images) very directly, and quite for their own sakes. Mr. Aiken flings about his rose leaves and his colored stars as if they were painted properties that he felt could take on significance only if swiftly whirled and breathed through with music.

As philosophy also the poem loses whenever it begins to be pure melody. There are too many ellipses, too many points unfixed—as if the poet had satisfied himself in paths beyond our following, had completed his idea in a musical sense and left mere readers of words to find their way by the prose "Argument" at the beginning of the book. That "Argument" is too necessary; the poem is not clear. Nor is it convincing. We do not feel that this Faust gives up anything, goes anywhere, or learns much. To be sure, all that we are asked to do is dream a dream. Festus by design is a minor Faust. Yet there is no earth under us to fall on when the dream is over.

At the same time with all this, Mr. Aiken has stated some things perfectly. Certain lines near the end of his poem—and by no coincidence they are the least musical of all, though they are not the least poetical—contain a subtle and accurate expression of disillusion. The Alter Ego of Festus argues:

And why should we trouble ourselves with a god whom we know not—
A god whom, god willing, we never shall know?
The world is the mirror of god; and we are but fragments.
And how shall a mirror look into its own depths, Festus?
And say that it did—what truly, save mirror, would show? . . .
Ah, Festus, think how foolish would be that mirror
Which, gazing into itself—if it could do so—
And seeing a cloud, and blue sky, imaged there,
Cried out: "Behold how nobler than other mirrors
Am I, who have here conceived a sky, a cloud,
And small birds flying in a blue depth of air!" . . .
Ah miserable destiny, Festus, miserable destiny,
To be, in the blue universe of the sea-pool,
A crab! . . . a crab for the most part silent,
That, softly sidling from coign of rock to coign,
Delicately touching, under the limpid water,
The hard edges of rocks with the tips of his claws,
Yet shakes the pool, or pierces with his back
The azure . . . and routs the star.
Or sadder still
To be a pool inhabited by a crab;
And nightly to lose the image of one's desire
In one's own agitation, like the sea.

It is of such sturdy and lasting mortar that the classics have been made.

MARK VAN DOREN

Shakespeare

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Joseph Quincy Adams. Houghton Mifflin Company. $7.50.

THE progress of Shakespearean research is neither constant nor uniform along its various lines. The emendation of the text began in the eighteenth century and went on for a century and a half, but for the last generation there has been little but the gleaning of a few stray ears. Profitable labor upon the sources and chronology of the plays has all but ceased for about the same length of time. Of critical interpreters of first-rate importance in the twentieth century it is hard to name any besides Bradley. On the other hand, the last twenty-five years have thrown much light upon the theaters, theatrical companies, and stage practices of the times of Elizabeth and James, Shakespeare's achievement has been made much clearer through knowledge of his relation to his contemporaries and the dramatic fashions of his day, exhaustive search in the archives has added some new facts to his biography, and much progress has been made in the understanding of the conditions affecting the publication of his plays. It is such advances as these that justify the attempt to rewrite the biography which has been made by Professor J. Q. Adams in his new "Life."

The volume contains a well-digested and well-arranged compendium of what is known about Shakespeare from his ancestry to the publication of the first folio, and the more personal facts are presented against an adequate background of contemporary activities and personalities. With a precision as commendable as it is rare the author has indicated what is ascertained fact in the life of the dramatist, what is plausible inference, what is legend, and what is mere conjecture. The confusion of these different factors has been for long the main defect of Shakespearean biography, even when written by distinguished scholars. It is a great satisfaction that, in a book which ought to be for a considerable time the standard life, this confusion is avoided. The only instances of a failure in this direction are due rather to a slight occasional yielding to sentiment than to

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the desire of the author to dogmatize. For example: "'Mary Arden! the name breathes of poetry!' exclaims Knight. May we not safely add that his son's poetry breathes of her? For surely it was at his mother's knee that he acquired his conception of those gentle and noble elements of woman's character which he so effectively embodied in his plays." Now for all we know Mary Arden may have been a shrew and a termagant—so why ask rhetorical questions about her influence on her son's creations? But in the strictly biographical chapters this kind of thing is rare; it is rather in dealing with the more recent results of Pollard, Greg, and J. Dover Wilson on the printing and publishing of the Quartos that he is tempted to present their conclusions with somewhat more assurance than the state of the question warrants.

The most striking feature of the work, however, is that, without the use of surmise and conjecture, the orderly presentation of what we now know of Shakespeare and his environment begins to convey the impression of a living person. The compilations and researches of Halliwell-Phillips and Sir Sidney Lee produced no visualization of a real man—perhaps did not aim to do so; the many imaginative attempts, of which that of Brandes is the most brilliant, mixed fact and fiction so unscrupulously that the result was at best a novelist's triumph, not a scholar's. Professor Adams, I believe, has come nearest to a legitimate and authentic portrait. He makes ample acknowledgment to his colleagues for what they have done to provide him with material, but the effectiveness of the book is due to his own judgment and skill.

As later editions are likely to be called for, it may not be presumptuous to suggest that there be added a fuller critical account of the likenesses of Shakespeare.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

American Government

Introduction to American Government. By Frederic A. Ogg and P. Orman Ray. The Century Company. $3.75.

State Government. By Walter F. Dodd. The Century Company. $3.75.

THESE two volumes in the Century Political Science Series are outstanding contributions to the literature of government. The larger, dealing with all aspects of American government, national, State, and local, runs to over 800 pages, Professor Dodd's book to nearly 600 pages. In books which perforce deal with a mass of detailed fact, minute distinctions, and contemporary changes, there is an unusual and gratifying amount of able, thoughtful criticism of the processes—or phenomena—of national and local government.

Designed primarily as texts for class study, with copious footnote references and selected bibliographies, there is a readableness about both books which will make them the more welcome to the non-professional student of our political institutions.

Professors Ogg and Ray have prefaced their volume with seven chapters on The Nature and Problems of Government. They consider the nature and origins of the state, the basis and kinds of government, the position of the individual, and other problems of the philosophy rather than the mechanics of government. The absence of such material has long been conspicuous in our standard texts, an absence which has been increasingly felt as the basis of the teaching of politics has broadened. To the layman, so concise a guide to political theory and its application will be a real boon.

For the rest, the book contains information as to governmental changes of within a year and brings the picture of our political structure down to date. Particularly interesting are the chapters on the Cabinet and the Civil Service, in which the authors develop the chief problems in personnel administration and depict the work of the departments in Washington. The chapter on the reform of county government is an excellent bit of exploration in that "dark continent" of our politics.

Professor Dodd's analysis of State Government is the most significant since Holcombe's pioneer volume, published seven years ago. He covers the whole field of State government, and reaches out into the byways of contemporary problems in political structure and State relations to units of local government, as well as the more immediate questions of the reform of administrative machinery, the organization of State legislatures, and the effect of the judicial process upon legislation and administration.

It would be hard to find two books better constructed to serve as guides to the practice of our government. And there is ample ammunition for the armory of reform tucked away in the observations of these quite practical "theorists."

PHILLIPS BRADLEY

Orphans

Children Astray. By Saul Drucker and Maurice Beck Hexter. Introduction by Richard Cabot. Harvard University Press. $3.50.

THIS delightful volume fulfils to an unusual degree the aims set forth by its authors in the preface. These aims are: "The gradual creation of a teaching literature for social work," and "to demonstrate the use of orphanages for special cases rather than utilizing such institutions only for the easy and 'normal' problem of child dependency."

In a field occupied for a generation by controversy, propaganda, and dogma, this volume is, indeed, a promising beginning of "a teaching literature." Every aid to mind and eye is supplied by the excellent editing. This includes, after the choice and grouping of the twenty-four children presented, an abundance of significant scheduled facts illustrating the origin, history, setting, and also the previous sorrowful experience which led to the entrance of each boy and girl. Following each of these preliminary condensations comes a brilliant narrative of the treatment intended to build up body, mind, and character, to give to each newcomer everything that ingenuity can contrive of the social heritage into which the little soul had not yet entered.

The value of such a volume obviously depends primarily upon the candor of the writers and the literary quality of the narrative. Both are here in a degree new to the experience of this reviewer.

This book offers a challenge. It compels the reader to ask "What scale is requisite for the most valuable achievement possible for orphanages? Especially for those which intrepidly essay this inversion of the usual proceeding?"

If the rule is to be placing out of normal children and, if, during their sojourn within the orphanage, there are introduced, as a matter of principle, difficult boys and girls to be made fit for placing out (some who have failed in a series of homes after failing in their own), how large must the orphanage be?

Clearly it must enlist the funds necessary for retaining permanently a superintendent and staff of the quality revealed by this narrative. There must also be at all times a body of sound children fairly responsive to wise guidance.

During the six years covered by this work, one hundred and twenty-five difficult children were received. The average total number of all children is not stated. It was, however, large enough to afford steady pressure of wholesome public opinion among the contemporaries of each "problem," down to the little six-year-old girls who appeared together in the superintendent's office, angry and eager because they had failed in their attempt to eject from their ring game a new boy who feared other boys and insisted upon joining in the little girls' play.

The answer to the query as to scale is doubtless the general one that no community can afford less than the wisest and most skilful care of all its orphans; and that communities can, by cooperation, muster whatever may prove needful, once the prin-

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ciple is recognized that institutional care *and* placing out are permanently necessary in our defective civilization.

Certainly no one can be counted a competent critic of either method, henceforth, who is unacquainted with this masterly work.

FLORENCE KELLEY

Books in Brief

French Literature During the Last Half-Century. By J. W. Cunliffe and Pierre de Bacourt. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

This textbook approaches the great figures of modern French literature with a good deal of tolerance even though it is occasionally lacking in understanding. The biographies are comprehensive, if primary, and the criticism intelligent, if stodgy. The authors lean unmistakably to the safe and sane and academic. Their sympathies lie with such writers as Daudet, Maurice Barrès, and Eugène Brieux rather than with Zola, Maupassant, Anatole France, and Romain Rolland. There are solid, informative chapters on the Symbolist Movement and on contemporary work.

Politics and Progress. By Ramsay Muir. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.75.

Does British Liberalism represent a distinctive attitude, differing equally from that of Conservatism and from that of the Labor Party, or is it merely a "middle party" of "moderate men" with no characteristic standpoint of its own? Mr. Muir, who recently resigned the Professorship of Modern History at Manchester University to take up active political work, holds to the former alternative, and in this clear-sighted and well-written handbook he sets forth his own creed. The doubtful question is how far the rank and file of the party would be willing to indorse this unofficial program, especially in its proposals for social reform.

A Friend at Court. By Leon Stern and Elizabeth Stern. The Macmillan Company. $2.

On the theory that "probation is a flowering of justice," doubtless it may be argued that the probation courts are a hothouse of fiction. At any rate, the short and simple annals of the delinquent here provide the basis for a rather solid novel about social injustice and what is being done about it. A book for those who do not care for their sociology straight.

Drama

Outburst

THE wisest dramatic reviewers shun Broadway until September. To do so is to approach the season in a less corrupted and a serener state of mind. The early summer is better than the late. The "Follies" have their own kind of beauty, so has the annual show at the Winter Garden, so had, quite notably this year, the "Vanities" at the Earl Carrol Theater. These entertainments, to be sure, are only endless patterns woven of the same strands—lovely fabrics and lovely bodies. But to such a being as man with his inevitable appetences there is about these patterns something native, permanent, and so, in the truest sense, respectable.

August brings plays. In these plays you come upon a far meaner kind of artifice. The chandeliers of girls in the "Vanities" appeal, in however sophisticated a way, to an instinct deep and healthy in itself. The shoddy plays assume the prejudices, tastes, knowingness and psychical greed of an essential corruptness of the mind. The beautiful bodies in the "Follies" and the "Vanities" leave the audiences grave. At "The Mad Honeymoon" (The Playhouse), at "Little Miss Bluebeard" (Lyceum Theater), they snicker. Here there are bedrooms and doors and endless innuendos. The mental age of these audiences is evidently not above sixteen. Here is permanent adolescence in its ungainliest stage. In catering too long to this taste, by the way, Mr. Avery Hopwood has quite lost the suavity and glitter that once marked his farces. "Little Miss Bluebeard" is hard, mechanical, and dull.

The one point of interest of the season so far is a discovery made by Mr. Booth Tarkington. It is the discovery that ideas count in the theater. Mr. Tarkington is still a little frightened at his discovery; he still plays hide and seek with it. He is so in dread of not being commonplace and "folksy" that he will not let himself go. But one observes a distinct gain in clearness and courage that must have been made by him between the composition of "Tweedles" (Frazee Theater), and "Magnolia" (Liberty Theater). In "Tweedles," which was written in collaboration with Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, the idea is a rather feeble one and the execution is both anemic and meretricious. But the idea is there. Snobs are snobs, Mr. Tarkington declares, on whatever social plane you find them, and family pride is both ethically and even biologically nine-tenths pure self-deception. The little play is charmingly acted, especially by Ruth Gordon and Gregory Kelly. But it is so thin and tentative that it threatens momently to go to pieces. "Magnolia," which Mr. Tarkington wrote alone, has far more courage, pertinence, and power. I am tempted—this is not high praise—to call it Mr. Tarkington's soundest dramatic venture. He chooses as his scene the bank of the Mississippi in the early forties—the land of "honor," duels, feuds, profound illiteracy, and elaborate social forms. In this final corruption of the chivalric tradition he shows, with good sense, good humor, some conviction, and some power, the bully and the brute as lord. A really brave and gentle soul is driven to assume the aspect of brute and bully in self-defense. But in the interesting and even at moments subtle last act one is convinced that Tom Rumford has never really changed within and that his impulse toward a saner and a freer life is genuine and practical.

Mr. Martin Flavin's "Children of the Moon" (Comedy Theater), alone of the plays of the early season has a literary touch. The late Louis Calvert directed the play together with Mr. Iden Payne and Miss Florence Johns. Miss Beatrice Terry and Mr. Whitford Kane give performances that bring out beautifully the mood and atmosphere which Mr. Flavin wanted to project. He had, unfortunately, nothing but that mood and atmosphere. I am not convinced by these moonstruck people; I am forced to disbelieve on grounds of reason and experience. Is it a crude criticism to say that, as a matter of fact, such things don't happen and tested experience knows nothing of such lunar influences? Then I must be content to be crude.

The rest, alas, is not silence but rather wretched noise. "In Love with Love" (Ritz Theater), is a slight and silly comedy, the plot of which has totally escaped me in the few days since I saw it. The staging by Robert Milton is good; Miss Lynne Fontanne had pleasant moments reminiscent of her "Dulcy." "The Good Old Days," by Aaron Hoffman (Broadhurst Theater), is an anti-Prohibition play very badly and crudely done on its own sentimental melodramatic plane. Once Mr. Hofman did good jobs of this sort. "The Good Old Days" is not even a good job. "The Woman on the Jury" (Eltinge Theater), and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Breaking Point" (Klaw Theater), are both melodramas of competent manufacture, raw force, and great astuteness in the use of the lower emotional appeal. "Little Jessie James" (Longacre Theater), is an agreeable little musical comedy with one good melody, eight uncommonly vivacious chorus girls, and a so-called "Paul Whiteman Band" to whose uncanny skill and aesthetic dreadfulness only a treatise could do justice. In "Artists and Models" (Shubert Theater), the public unswathing of the human body goes one step further.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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International Relations Section

The New Constitution of Rumania

THE NATION presents herewith what is probably the first publication in English of the Rumanian constitution of March 28, 1923. This latest of the new constitutions of Europe shows some reaction from the radicalism of most of the earlier post-war documents. Of course, the monarchical form is retained. The second chamber, which is by no means a "secondary" chamber, is generously diluted against democracy by members indirectly elected and by ex-officio life members—to the great advantage of the Liberal Party over against the agrarians and the people of the new provinces of Transylvania and Bessarabia. Rumanian is made the official language of the state, although the Transylvanian pact of 1918, which was formally accepted by the king at the time of union, declared that "each people shall be taught and administered and tried in its own language." "Liberty of conscience is absolute," but the Orthodox Rumanian Church is the "dominant" state church, while the Greek Catholic is a second church "taking precedence" over other religions. Self-determination for provinces of widely varying conditions and customs is not sought by the avenue of federalism. Proportional representation, now well understood in Europe and so important to racial minorities, is abolished in favor of something vaguely referred to as "representation of minorities." The clauses providing for the nationalization of minerals and other subsoil resources are no doubt as far-reaching as the provisions for nationalization in other constitutions, except the Russian.

This constitution, framed and adopted by a turbulent assembly (from which it was found necessary from day to day to exclude the members of the Opposition in groups of from eight to ten), is primarily the work of Bratiana and his Cabinet. The following text was translated under the direction of Professor H. L. McBain and Professor Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University.

TITLE I. THE TERRITORY OF RUMANIA

ARTICLE 1. The Kingdom of Rumania is a single and indivisible state.

ART. 2. The territory of Rumania is inalienable. The frontiers of the state may be changed or rectified only by virtue of a law.

ART. 3. The territory of Rumania may not be colonized by populations of a foreign race.

ART. 4. The territory of Rumania for administrative purposes is divided into districts, and the districts into communes. Their number, extent, and territorial subdivisions shall be determined in accordance with the forms prescribed by the laws for administrative organization.

TITLE II. THE RIGHTS OF RUMANIANS

ART. 5. Rumanians, irrespective of ethnic origin, language, or religion, shall enjoy freedom of conscience, of instruction, of the press, of assembly, of association, as well as all liberties and rights provided for by law.

ART. 6. The present constitution and other laws relative to political rights shall determine what are, without the Rumanian qualification, the conditions necessary for the exercise of these rights. The conditions under which women may exercise political rights shall be laid down in special laws, enacted by a two-thirds majority. The civil rights of women shall be established on the basis of the complete equality of the sexes.

ART. 7. Differences of religious belief and confession, of ethnic origin, and of language shall not constitute, in Rumania, a bar to the acquisition and exercise of civil and political rights. Only by naturalization may the alien be placed upon equality with the Rumanian in the enjoyment of political rights. Naturalization shall be granted individually by the Council of Ministers upon a certification by a Commission composed of the Premier-President and the Presidents of the Court of Appeals of the capital of the country that the applicant has fulfilled the legal requirements. The requirements and the procedure by which aliens may obtain naturalization shall be prescribed by a special law. Naturalization shall not have retroactive effect. The wife and minor children may avail themselves, under conditions to be prescribed by law, of the naturalization of the husband or father.

ART. 8. No distinction on account of birth or social class shall be permitted in the state. All Rumanians, without distinction on account of ethnic origin, language, or religion are equal before the law and are under an obligation to contribute without discrimination to the imposts and public charges. They alone are eligible for public services and dignities, both civil and military. Regulations for the public functionaries shall be laid down in special laws. Aliens may be eligible for public services only in exceptional cases, specially determined by law.

ART. 9. All aliens who are within the territory of Rumania shall enjoy the protection granted by law to persons and property in general.

ART. 10. All special franchises, of whatever nature, and all class exemptions and monopolies, are forever prohibited in the Rumanian state. Titles of nobility are and shall continue to be unrecognized by the Rumanian state. Foreign decorations shall not be worn by Rumanians except with the authorization of the king.

ART. 11. Individual liberty is guaranteed. No one may be prosecuted or subjected to search except in the cases and according to the forms prescribed by law. No one may be detained or arrested except by virtue of a legal warrant, showing probable cause, which must be shown at the moment of the arrest or not later than twenty-four hours following the detention or arrest. In case of obvious guilt, the detention or arrest may take place immediately, but the warrant shall be issued within twenty-four hours and shall be shown in accordance with the preceding clause.

ART. 12. No one may be withdrawn, against his will, from the judges provided for him by law.

ART. 13. The domicile is inviolable. No domiciliary visit may be made except by the competent authorities, in cases specially provided for, and in accordance with the forms prescribed by law.

ART. 14. No punishment may be fixed or imposed except by virtue of a law.

ART. 15. No law may impose the penalty of confiscation of property.

ART. 16. The death penalty may not be reestablished except in cases provided for by the military penal code in time of war.

ART. 17. Property of whatever nature, as well as debts of the state, are guaranteed. For public uses the public authority, by virtue of a law, shall have the right to use the subsoil of all kinds of real property, subject to the obligation of paying indemnity for damage caused to the surface, or to existing buildings or works. In the absence of friendly agreement, the amount of indemnity shall be fixed by the courts. No one may be dispossessed of his property except for public uses and upon condition of being paid just compensation previously determined by the courts. What constitutes a public use and the procedure and method of expropriation shall be determined by

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a special law. Apart from the instances of expropriation for the establishment or maintenance of public highways, the public health, national defense and works of military interest, public instruction, and of expropriation for the direct general interests of the state and the public administrations, the other cases of public use shall be determined by laws enacted by a two-thirds majority. Existing laws relating to the laying out and widening of the streets in communes as well as to the banks of waterways which cross or flow alongside them shall remain in effect throughout the entire extent of the kingdom.

ART. 18. Only natural born or naturalized Rumanians may acquire any kind of title to or own rural real property in Rumania. Aliens shall have the right only to lease such property.

ART. 19. Mineral deposits as well as all other valuable resources of the subsoil are the property of the state. Masses of common rock, quarries of construction materials, and deposits of peat are excepted, without prejudice to rights acquired by the state under previous laws. A special mining law shall determine the general rules and conditions for the valuation of these properties, shall fix the royalty due the surface proprietor, and shall determine at the same time the conditions under which and the extent to which he shall participate in the exploitation of these resources. Account shall be taken of acquired rights in so far as they correspond to a valuation of the subsoil and according to the distinctions to be made by a special law. Concessions for the operation of mines, instituted or granted in accordance with laws now in force, shall be respected during the period for which they were allowed, and existing mining operations carried on by proprietors shall be respected only for the time during which they actually operate the mines. Concessions in perpetuity shall not be allowed. All concessions and operations provided for in the preceding clause must nevertheless conform to the rules to be established by the law, which will fix a maximum period for concessions and operations not to exceed fifty years from the date of the promulgation of this constitution.

ART. 20. Public highways, the air, and rivers navigable for boats or rafts are parts of the public domain. Waters which can produce motive power and those which can be used in the public interest are public property. Rights already acquired shall be respected or shall be extinguished by expropriation for public use, upon the payment of just and previously determined compensation. Special laws shall determine the extent to which the enjoyment of all the above rights may be permitted to the proprietors, the conditions of operation, as well as the compensation to be paid for use of the surface and for existing installations.

ART. 21. All agents of production shall enjoy equal protection. The state may intervene, by law, in the relations between these agents in order to prevent social or economic conflicts. Freedom of labor shall be protected. Social insurance for workers in case of illness, accidents, etc., shall be regulated by law.

ART. 22. Liberty of conscience is absolute. The state guarantees to all religions equal liberty and protection in so far as their practices do not affect the public order, good morals, and the organic laws of the state. The Orthodox Christian Church and the Greek Catholic Church are the Rumanian churches. The Orthodox Rumanian Church representing the religion of the great majority of Rumanians is the dominant church of the Rumanian state; the Greek Catholic Church takes precedence over the other religions. The Orthodox Rumanian church is and shall remain independent of all foreign ecclesiastical authority, but retains its unity with the Oriental Ecumenical Church in respect to dogmas. Throughout the entire kingdom of Rumania the Orthodox Christian Church shall have a unitary organization with the participation of all the constituent elements, clerical and lay. A special law shall determine the fundamental principles of this unitary organization, as well as the conditions under which the church shall regulate, conduct, and administer, through its own organs and under the control of the state, its religious and educational affairs, and matters concerning its endowments and the management of its property. Spiritual and canonical questions of the Orthodox Rumanian Church shall be regulated by a single central synodal authority. The archbishops and bishops of the Orthodox Rumanian Church shall be elected in accordance with a single special law. Relations between the different religions and the state shall be determined by law.

ART. 23. The acts of the civil state are within the province of the civil law. The completion of these acts must always precede the religious benediction.

ART. 24. Education is free under conditions established by the special laws and in so far as it will not be contrary to good morals or public order. Primary education is compulsory. In state schools this instruction will be given gratuitously. The state, the districts, and the communes shall give aid and assistance to indigent pupils in all the stages of education to the extent and under the conditions provided for by law.

ART. 25. The constitution guarantees to every person liberty to communicate and publish his ideas, his opinions orally, in writing, and through the press, each person being responsible for the abuse of this liberty in the cases determined by the penal code, which, however, may in no case restrict the right itself. No special law may be enacted to deal with this matter. Neither a censorship nor any other measure to prevent the appearance, sale, or distribution of any kind of publication may be instituted. No previous authorization from any authority is required for the printing of any publication whatsoever. No surety shall be demanded of journalists, writers, publishers, printers, or lithographers. The press shall never be subjected to the system of control by admonitions. No journal or publication may be suspended or suppressed. Every periodical publication, whatever may be its character, must have a responsible director and in his absence a responsible editor. The director or editor must enjoy civil and political rights. The name of the director and the name of the editor shall appear plainly and in a permanent manner at the head of the publication. Before the appearance of a periodical publication its proprietor is obliged to state and register his name with the Court of Commerce. Sanctions for the enforcement of these provisions shall be determined by a special law.

ART. 26. So far as non-periodical publications are concerned, the author is responsible for his writings and in default of the author the publisher is responsible; the printer is liable when the author and publisher have not been revealed. For periodical publications the responsibility shall fall on the author, the director, or the editor in the order of enumeration. The proprietor is in all cases conjointly responsible for the payment of civil damages. Crimes of the press shall be tried by jury with the exception of cases hereafter mentioned which will be tried by the ordinary courts according to the usual law.

(a) Crimes committed against the sovereigns of the country, the crown prince, the members of the royal family and of the dynasty, and the heads of foreign states and their representatives.

(b) Direct incitements to murder and rebellion in the cases in which they have not resulted in execution.

(c) Slander, abuse, and defamation directed against individuals or public functionaries, whoever they may be, who are injured in respect to their private lives in their personal honor.

Preventive arrest in the matter of the press is forbidden.

ART. 27. The secrecy of letters, telegrams, and telephonic conversations is inviolable. A special law shall determine the cases in which the courts, in the interest of criminal inquiries, may make exceptions to this provision. The same law shall determine the responsibility of state agents and of individuals for violation of the secrecy of letters, telegrams, and telephonic conversations.

ART. 28. Rumanians, without discrimination on account of

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ethnic origin, of language, or of religion, have the right to assemble, peaceably and without arms, in accordance with the laws regulating the exercise of this right, to consider all kinds of questions; for this no previous authorization shall be required. Meetings in the open air are permitted except on public highways and squares. Meetings, parades, and demonstrations on the public highways and squares are subject to the laws of the police.

ART. 29. Rumanians, without discrimination on account of ethnic origin, language, or religion, have the right of association in accordance with the laws regulating the exercise of this right. The right of free association does not in itself imply the right of creating corporate personality. The conditions under which corporate personality may be granted shall be determined by a special law.

ART. 30. Every person has the right to address the public authorities by petitions signed by one or more persons, without power, however, to petition otherwise than in the name of the signatories. Only constituted authorities have the right to address petitions in a collective name.

ART. 31. No previous authorization is required for injured parties to sue public functionaries on account of their official acts, provided, however, that the special rules established concerning the ministers shall not be injuriously affected. The conditions for and method of these suits shall be determined by a special law. Special provisions in the penal code shall determine the penalties for the abuse of the right to sue.

ART. 32. No Rumanian without authorization from the government may enter the service of a foreign state without thereby losing his citizenship. Extradition of political refugees is forbidden.

TITLE III. THE POWERS OF THE STATE

ART. 33. All the powers of the state emanate from the nation which may exercise them only by delegation and according to the principles and the rules set forth in the present constitution.

ART. 34. The legislative power is collectively exercised by the king and the national representative body. The national representative body is divided into two houses: the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. Every law requires the approval of the three branches of the legislative power. No law may be submitted for royal approval until after it has been discussed and voted freely by a majority of the two houses.

ART. 35. Legislative initiative is given to each of the three branches of the legislative power.

Nevertheless, every law relating to the revenues and expenditures of the state or to the army contingent must first be voted by the Chamber of Deputies.

ART. 36. Authoritative interpretation of the laws may be made solely by the legislative power.

ART. 37. Promulgation of laws voted by the two houses shall be the duty of the Minister of Justice, who shall retain one of the original copies of the laws voted and shall deposit the second original copy in the archives of the state.

The Minister of Justice is the custodian of the Great Seal of the State.

Each year the Minister of Justice shall publish the collection of laws and regulations, in which the laws shall be arranged in numerical order according to the date of promulgation.

ART. 38. No law, and no general administrative, district, or communal regulation shall be binding until it shall have been published in the form prescribed by law.

ART. 39. The executive power is vested in the king who shall exercise it in the manner prescribed by the constitution.

ART. 40. The judicial power shall be exercised by its appropriate organs.

Judgments shall be pronounced according to law and shall be executed in the name of the king.

ART. 41. Matters exclusively of district or communal interest shall be regulated by district and communal councils according to the principles established by the constitution and by special laws.

CHAPTER I. NATIONAL REPRESENTATION

ARTS. 42-63. (Dealing with open sessions, qualifications of members and election of officers of the two houses, manner of voting, rights of interpellation and of petition, freedom of members from prosecution and arrest, rules of procedure, four year term, and compensation.)

Section I. The Chamber of Deputies

ART. 64. The Chamber of Deputies shall be composed of deputies elected by adult Rumanian citizens by universal, equal, direct, compulsory, and secret suffrage, on the basis of the representation of minorities.

ART. 65. The election of deputies shall take place by electoral circonscriptions. The electoral circonscription may not be larger than a district. The number of deputies to be elected in each circonscription, in proportion to the population, shall be determined by the electoral law.

ART. 66. To be eligible to election to the Chamber of Deputies, it is necessary (a) to be a Rumanian citizen, (b) to possess civil and political rights, (c) to have reached the age of twenty-five years, (d) to be domiciled in Rumania.

Incapacities shall be determined by the electoral law.

Section II. The Senate

ART. 67. The Senate shall be composed of elected and ex-officio senators.

ART. 68. All Rumanian citizens who have reached the age of forty years shall elect, by electoral circonscriptions which may not be larger than a district, a number of senators by compulsory, equal, direct, and secret suffrage. The number of senators to be elected in each circonscription, which may not be larger than a district, shall be determined by the electoral law proportionately to the population.

ART. 69. Members chosen by the district councils and members chosen by the communal councils, urban and rural, meeting in a single body, shall choose one senator for the district by compulsory, equal, direct, and secret ballot.

ART. 70. Members of the chambers of commerce, of industry, and labor, and of agriculture, meeting in separate bodies, shall choose from their own numbers one senator of each category for each electoral circonscription. These special electoral circonscriptions shall be fixed by the electoral law, provided that their number may not exceed six.

ART. 71. Each university, by vote of the professors, shall choose one senator from its members.

ART. 72. Ex-officio members of the Senate, by virtue of their high place in the state and in the church shall be: (a) The heir to the throne when he has reached the age of eighteen years, provided that until he has reached the age of twenty-five years he may have only a deliberative voice; (b) the archbishops of the country; (c) the diocesan bishops of the Orthodox Rumanian and Greek Catholic churches, in so far as they have been elected in accordance with the laws of the country; (d) heads of confessions recognized by the state, one for each confession, in so far as they have been elected in accordance with the laws of the country and represent more than 200,000 believers, as well as the chief religious representative of the Moslems of the kingdom; (e) the president of the Rumanian Academy. The mandate of these senators shall cease at the same time as the dignity or status which qualifies them.

ART. 73. The following shall become ex-officio members of the Senate: (a) Former presidents of the Council of Ministers who have served at least four years as titular presidents, and former ministers who have served at least six years in one or more governments; (b) former presidents of the legislative bodies who have had this dignity in the course of at least eight regular sessions; (c) former senators and deputies elected to at least ten legislatures, regardless of their duration; (d) former first-presidents of the High Court of Cassation and of Justice who have occupied this office or that of president of

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Cassation for at least five years; (e) generals on the reserve list or retired, who have had titular command of an army facing the enemy for at least three months, or who have exercised the functions of Chief of the General Staff or Inspector General of the Army (Commander of the Army) in time of peace for at least four years. (The number of those of the second category shall not exceed four in order of seniority as vacancies occur.) (f) Former presidents of the national assemblies of Chisinau, Cernautz, and Alba Iulia which have declared for union.

ART. 74. The verification of the qualifications of senators ex-officio shall be made by a commission composed of the presidents of the sections of the High Court of Cassation and Justice under the presidency of the First-President of this High Court. The authentication shall be made officially on the demand of the President of the Senate or of those who have the right. The President of the Senate shall enrol the senators ex-officio on the basis of the conclusions of the commission. The President of the Senate may inquire into and point out to the commission for correction errors certified in the determination of these rights to office.

ART. 75. To be eligible to the Senate it is necessary: (a) To be a Rumanian citizen, (b) to possess civil and political rights, (c) to have reached the age of forty years, (d) to be domiciled in Rumania. These qualifications, except in respect to age, are required equally of ex-officio senators.

Section III. The Legislative Council

ART. 76. A legislative council shall be created for the purpose of giving advice in the drafting and arrangement of the laws whether they are initiated by the executive or by Parliament, as well as in the drafting of general ordinances for the execution of the laws. The advice of the legislative council is required for all bills, except those relating to budgetary credits; provided, however, that if, within a period to be fixed by law, the legislative council does not render its opinion the houses may proceed to the discussion and approval of bills. The organization and method of procedure of the legislative council shall be determined by a special law.

CHAPTER II. THE KING AND THE MINISTERS

Section I. The King

ARTS. 77-91. (Dealing with succession to the throne, the royal oath, regency, ministerial responsibility for acts of the king, appointment of ministers, royal veto, amnesty and pardons, appointments to office, execution of laws, military ranks and decorations, negotiation of conventions, annual sessions, the royal message, dissolution and prorogation.)

CHAPTER III. THE MINISTERS

ART. 92. The government shall exercise the executive power in the name of the king in the manner provided by the constitution.

ART. 93. The ministers meeting together shall compose the Council of Ministers, which shall be presided over, with the title of President of the Council of Ministers, by the one who has been intrusted by the king with the formation of the government. Ministerial departments and under-secretariats of state may be created or abolished only by law.

ART. 94. No one may be a minister who is not a Rumanian or who has not been naturalized.

ART. 95. No member of the royal family may be a minister.

ART. 96. Ministers who are not members of the houses may nevertheless take part in the legislative debates, without, however, having the right to vote. The presence of at least one minister shall be necessary for debates in the houses. The houses may require the presence of ministers at their debates.

ART. 97. In no case may a verbal or written order of the king relieve a minister of responsibility.

ART. 98. Each of the two houses as well as the king shall have the right to impeach ministers and to arraign them before the High Court of Cassation and Justice, which alone, with all its sections meeting, shall have the right to pass judgments, except as may be provided by law, in respect to civil actions by injured parties and in respect to crimes and misdemeanors committed by ministers outside of the exercise of their official functions. The impeachment of ministers by the legislative bodies may not be passed except by a two-thirds majority of the members present. The inquiry shall be conducted by a commission of the High Court of Cassation composed of five members chosen by lot with all the sections meeting. This commission shall also have the power to determine the facts and to decide for or against the prosecution. The impeachment shall be supported before the High Court of Cassation and Justice by the public prosecutor. Cases of responsibility and penalties applicable to ministers shall be determined by the law relating to ministerial responsibility.

ART. 99. Whoever considers himself injured by a decree or provision signed or countersigned by a minister, which violates the precise text of the constitution or of a law, may demand of the state, in accordance with the customary law, pecuniary indemnities for the damage suffered. During the course of the trial or after the verdict has been rendered, the minister, on demand of the state and following a vote by one of the legislative bodies, may be summoned before the ordinary courts to respond in civil proceedings for the loss claimed or suffered by the state. The illegal act of a minister does not relieve from joint responsibility the functionary who has given his countersignature, unless the latter has protested to the minister in writing.

ART. 100. Under-secretaries of state may be created. Under-secretaries of state may take part in the debates in the legislative bodies under the responsibility of the ministers.

CHAPTER IV. THE JUDICIAL POWER

ART. 101. No jurisdiction may be set up except by virtue of a special law. Extraordinary commissions and courts may not be created under any denomination or on any pretext for the purpose of any special, civil, or penal process or for the trial of special persons.

ART. 102. For the whole Rumanian state there shall be only one Court of Cassation and Justice.

ART. 103. Only the Court of Cassation, all its sections meeting, shall have the right to pass on the constitutionality of laws and to declare inapplicable those which are contrary to the constitution. The judgment upon the unconstitutionality of laws shall be confined to the case before the court. The Court of Cassation shall decide, as in the past, on disputes as to competence. The right of appeal in cassation has constitutional warrant.

ART. 104. Judges shall be irremovable under special conditions to be determined by law.

ART. 105. Trial by jury shall be provided for in all criminal matters and for political and press offenses except in the the cases fixed by the present constitution. An action for damages on account of the acts and crimes of the press may be brought only before the same court which has jurisdiction to consider the crime.

ART. 106. Military justice shall be provided for by a special law.

ART. 107. No special authorities of any nature may be set up with jurisdiction over administrative affairs in litigation. Administrative affairs in litigation shall be within the province of the judicial authorities in accordance with a special law. Any person whose rights are prejudiced by a valid administrative act, by an administrative act committed in violation of the laws and ordinances in force, or by the unwillingness of the administrative authorities to satisfy a request based on a right, may demand of the judicial tribunals that his right be recognized. The organs of the judicial power shall judge whether the act is illegal and they may annul it or fix civil damages up to the date of the recognition of the denied right, with jurisdiction also to pass upon and to require an indemnity either

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from the defendant administrative authorities or from the functionary who is to blame. The judicial power has no jurisdiction to pass upon the acts of the Government or those of the military command.

CHAPTER V. DISTRICT AND COMMUNAL INSTITUTIONS

ART. 108. District and communal institutions shall be regulated by law. These laws shall be based on the principle of administrative decentralization. The members of district and communal councils shall be chosen by Rumanian citizens by universal, equal, direct, secret, and compulsory suffrage, and with representation for minorities, according to the forms provided for by law. To these elected members there may be added, by law, ex-officio and coopted members. Adult women may be among the coopted members.

TITLE IV. FINANCES

ARTS. 109-118. (Dealing with the requirements that taxes, exemptions, monopolies, pensions, and gratuities shall be regulated by law, the annual audit and budget, the Court of Accounts, publication of financial laws.)

TITLE V. THE ARMED FORCE

ART. 119. Every Rumanian without discrimination on account of ethnic origin, language, or religion shall be one of the elements of the armed force, in accordance with the provisions of the special laws. The armed force shall be composed of the active army with its permanent, reserve, and militia units.

ART. 120. Military grades, decorations, and pensions may not be taken away except by virtue of a judicial sentence and in cases determined by law.

ART. 121. The quota of the army shall be voted each year by the two legislative bodies.

ART. 122. A Superior Council of National Defense shall be set up and shall have as its permanent charge the measures necessary for the organization of the national defense.

ART. 123. No foreign armed contingent may be admitted to the service of the state or may enter or cross Rumanian territory except by virtue of a special law.

TITLE VI. GENERAL PROVISIONS

ART. 124. The colors of the Rumanian flag shall be blue, yellow, and red, arranged vertically.

ART. 125. The seat of the government shall be in the capital of the country.

ART. 126. The Rumanian language shall be the official language of the Rumanian state.

ART. 127. No oath shall be required of any person except by virtue of a law which shall also determine the formula.

ART. 128. The present constitution may not be suspended either in whole or in part. In case of national danger a general or partial state of siege may be declared.

TITLE VII. THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION

ART. 129. The constitution may be revised in whole or in part on the initiative of the king or of one of the legislative houses. After this initiative the two houses shall meet separately and shall decide by an absolute majority whether there is reason for the constitutional provision being revised. When the necessity of the revision has been admitted, the two legislative bodies shall elect from their members a mixed commission which shall propose the parts of the constitution which must be submitted to revision. After the report of this commission has been read in each of the two houses twice with an interval of a fortnight, the two houses meeting together in the same place, under the presidency of the elder of the presidents, in the presence of at least two-thirds of the total number of members composing them, and by a majority of two-thirds, shall determine in a definitive way the articles to be submitted to the revision. Following this vote the houses shall be dissolved by law and the electorate shall be summoned within the period prescribed by the constitution.

ART. 130. The new houses shall proceed, in agreement with the king, to the modification of the points submitted to the revision. In this case the houses may not deliberate unless two-thirds of the members composing them are present, and no change may be adopted unless it musters at least two-thirds of the votes. The houses chosen for the revision of the constitution shall have the usual constitutional term, and, except for the modification of the constitution, they shall function as ordinary legislative assemblies. If the houses chosen for revision cannot complete their task, the new houses shall have the same authority.

TITLE VIII. TRANSITORY AND SUPPLEMENTARY PROVISIONS

ART. 131. A constitutional dignity attaches to and shall continue to attach to the provisions of the agrarian laws relating to arable land, woods, and ponds suitable for expropriation in whole or in part, to their legal status, to the subsoil, to their valuation, to the method of payment, etc., . . . as they are formulated in the articles below of each of the agrarian laws, which articles shall, in their totality, be an integral part of the constitution and similarly may be changed only in the forms prescribed for the revision of the constitution, viz.:

(Here follows the citation, by number, of articles and clauses of the agrarian laws of July 17, 1921, March 13, 1920, and July 30, 1921.)

ART. 132. For the purpose of satisfying the normal requirements of the rural populations of Bessarabia and Bukovina for firewood and building materials, the state shall designate in the forests on plains, hills, and mountains the sections which are necessary and appropriate. In the old Kingdom and in Bukovina, where the state will not have forests within a radius of 12 kilometers from the center of the commune to satisfy the requirements mentioned above, and in derogation of Article 7, letter c and of Article 8 letters a, c, and b of the law of July 17, 1921, for agrarian reform in Olthenie, Muntenie, Moldavia, and Dobrudja and of Article 5, paragraph a, Clause IV and of Articles 6 and 7 of the law of July 30, 1921, for agrarian reform in Bukovina, expropriation may take place of forests belonging to public or private corporations within this radius, and only for want of this may there be proportionate expropriation of the forests of all the private proprietors within this radius, strictly within the limits of these needs and in every case respecting an intangible area of one hundred hectares in each property. Trees replanted or in the course of being replanted may not be expropriated, whoever the proprietor. Contracts of sale for the exploitation of forests liable to expropriation which are in effect at the time of expropriation shall be respected. Forests thus expropriated shall remain the property of the state and shall be administered and exploited by it in order to give primary satisfaction according to law to the needs mentioned above. The expropriation of these forests shall be accompanied by fair and previous compensation to be determined by the courts. The method of expropriation shall be determined by a special law.

ART. 133. The following extraordinary ordinances are hereby ratified: No. 3,902 of December 29, 1918, published in the *Monitor Oficial* No. 223 of December 30, 1918, relative to the conferring of civil rights; No. 2,085 of May 22, 1919, published in the *Monitor Oficial* No. 33 of May 28, 1919, and No. 3,464 of August 12, 1919, published in the *Monitor Oficial* No. 93 of August 13, 1919, relative to the naturalization of Jews living in the old Kingdom.

Likewise all the extraordinary ordinances for individual naturalization made before the ordinances mentioned above are hereby ratified. Jews living in the old kingdom who have not asserted their right to naturalization within the period provided by the extraordinary ordinance No. 3,464 of August 12, 1919, may make their naturalization declarations in accordance with the extraordinary ordinance No. 2,085 of May 22, 1919, within a period of three months from the date of the promulgation of the present constitution.

ARTS. 134-138. (Dealing with the effect of the constitution upon existing laws and ordinances.)

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This constitution has been voted on by the national constituent assembly of Deputies in the session of March 26, 1923, and has been adopted by a majority of 246 votes to 8, with 2 abstentions.

D. IUCA, Secretary
M. G. ORLEANU, President
(L. S. A. D.)

This constitution has been voted on by the national constituent assembly of the Senate in the session of March 27, 1923, and has been adopted by a majority of 137 votes to 2, with 2 abstentions.

I. N. COSOIU, Secretary
M. PHEREKYDE, President
(L. S. A. D.)

South Africa of Tomorrow

THE South African Native Affairs Department has issued an account of the progress of the native community of South Africa during the three years since the war. Mr. Barrett, until recently the Secretary of the Native Department, says that the spread of education and the stirring events of the Great War have had an unprecedented influence on native thought, and have led to a growth of "race consciousness" which will no longer accept present conditions without critical examination. An article in the Manchester *Guardian* of June 23, in discussing the report, says:

We are reminded that nearly all the veteran champions of native causes have passed away: the two Schreiners, Louis Botha, Maurice Evans, and the two Moffats. The older native chiefs, too, have gone, and the guidance of purely native thought is falling increasingly into the hands of young and ardent educated natives. The native demand for the franchise is still unsatisfied; in Cape Colony alone does the native possess the vote—a heritage of direct British government. Instead of the franchise, General Smuts has given an advisory board of four experts on native policy, but no native has been appointed to this body, and it is already clear that this advisory board in no way meets the demand of a native franchise. The color bar is thus rigidly maintained in the legislative sphere.

THE LAND AND THE NATIVE

The 1913 Land Act, by which General Botha laid the foundations of his ambitious scheme for dividing the 300 million acres of South African land between the races—260 million acres for the occupancy of 1,000,000 whites and 40 million acres for 4,500,000 natives—is slowly pursuing its disentangling process, although legal decisions have limited its operations in Cape Colony, and is thus facilitating native purchases of land, whilst by the same process in the Orange Free State disabilities against purchase of land by natives have received confirmation. The most interesting feature is that the native is apparently less attracted than the white man to individual tenure. The following are the statistics of purchase since 1913:

Farms purchased	tribally	55
"	communally	43
"	individually	24

All land tribally purchased must be registered in the name of the Native Commissioner in trust for the tribe; those purchased communally must be governed by articles of association defining the rights of each shareholder; those purchased by individuals are entirely a matter between buyer and seller. The Natal Native Trust is one of the most interesting and successful experiments in African land holding. The trust covers 42 native areas in Natal, comprising 2,192,568 acres and occupied by nearly 300,000 natives. The natives are encouraged to keep clean and healthy herds, lay down plantations, and undertake irrigation works. The trust has 60 officials, who advise and help the natives in their task of dipping 500,000 cattle a week and of keeping in motion some 22 miles of irrigation works.

TAXATION AND EDUCATION

One of the chief complaints of the natives in South Africa is that they are not only taxed without being given a voice in the spending of the money, but taxed far beyond any benefits received. This report shows that for the three years subsequent to the war the direct taxation borne by the four and a half millions of natives of the Union was £2,468,000, or an average of £823,000 per annum. To this must be added Pass Law fees of £325,000, making a total direct taxation of £1,150,000 per annum. To this direct burden must be added the indirect taxation, which, like the indirect benefits received, is only a speculative figure, the two probably canceling each other in operation. What are the direct benefits? The Native Affairs Department, now manned by a staff of 582 persons, cost before the war £287,550; but today it costs £500,000. The total expenditure on education averages on the three years £202,000. Thus the native receives in direct benefits value to the amount of £722,000, as compared with a direct tax burden of £1,150,000—and no voice in the spending thereof!

The educational facilities provided for the natives vary considerably in the four provinces of South Africa, as may be seen from the following schedule:

	Native population	Expenditure
Cape Colony	1,500,000	£170,000
Transvaal	1,220,000	56,759
Natal	1,000,000	32,502
Orange Free State	350,000	5,273

The report on education is disappointing in that it chronicles so little beyond stating what is so obvious—namely, that education is everywhere crippled through lack of financial aid. The South African native college is progressing but slowly, the twenty students with which it was inaugurated have only increased to sixty—sixty from a population, including the protectorates, of nearly seven million!

The total number of natives employed under the oversight of the Native Affairs Department in the last year under review was 278,435.

We thus obtain a picture of 4,500,000 people with a "racial consciousness" which demands an abolition of the color bar to civic and industrial advancement. This mass of humanity is smarting today under a growing sense of wrong: denied the franchise, denied any voice in spending the heavy toll taken from their wages, denied the right to purchase back from whites the land which once they owned, denied by organized white labor the freedom which those very labor unions loudly declare to be the right of every man (other than colored).

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2. Play-structure	Mr. Wm. J. Perlman	Tu 7.30	10/9 -12/11	$3.00
3. American Literature	Dr. Henry Neumann	Tu 8.30	10/9 -11/6	1.50
4. Greek Civilization	Mr. Spencer Miller, Jr.	Tu 8.30	11/13-12/11	1.50
5. Human Nature	Dr. Will Durant	W 7.15	10/10-12/12	3.00
6. Science and Philosophy, 1789-1923	Dr. Will Durant	W 8.30	9/19- 6/25	4.00
7. A Worker's View of the Week	Mr. McAlister Coleman	Th 7.30	10/11-12/13	None
8. Contemporary Literature	Mr. John Cowper Powys	Th 8.30	10/4 -11/2	1.50
9. Psychic Factors in Civilization	Prof. H. A. Overstreet	Th 8.30	11/15-12/20	1.50
10. The Evidences for Evolution	Dr. A. Stone	F 8.30	10/12-12/14	3.00
11. Five Great National Literatures	Prof. H. W. L. Dana	Sa. 8.15	11/17-12/15	1.50
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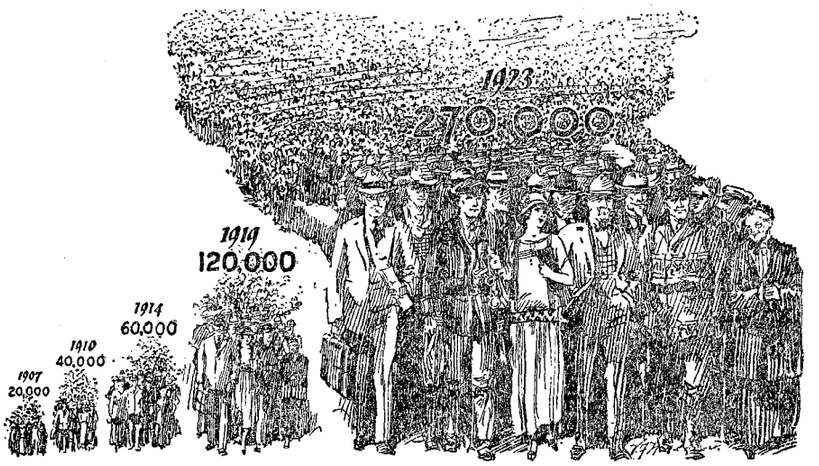

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